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GUILDHALL, LONDON, on JULY 13, 14, 15, and 16, 1897, and will be
attended by the representatives of the principal libraries throughout
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time will be devoted to open Discussions. All persons interested in
the extension of the library movement or in the management of
libraries are cordially invited to join the Conference. The Lord Mayor
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During the Meeting the Council and Officers will be elected for the
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"Every mile now began to show the grisly, stinking signs of rinderpest. Dead oxen varied

occasionally with dead mules—the variety did not affect the smell—that remained the same. Occasionally we passed a waggon abandoned owing to the loss of animals. . . . Reached Pala at midnight. Here were collected some two hundred waggons, stopped by loss of all their oxen from rinderpest. Three thousand two hundred beasts dead at this one place. . . . Rinderpest is very much in evidence round the fort, and oxen lie dead literally in troops, long regular lines of carcasses lying together."

The presence of much putrefying animal matter in the immediate neighbourhood of human habitations was another source of danger, and so the unfortunate settlers found themselves threatened, not only with famine and war, but with plague as well. One of a party of scouts riding out from Bulawayo upon horses worn out with the constant work, writes thus:

"On passing dead horses and cattle we used to draw in a long breath, and endeavour to spur up a trot that would carry us out of range before we were again compelled to breathe or 'bust'; but our horses used, generally, to land us in the middle of the stink, and then pull up. You would see a man get black in the face trying to hold his breath, and at last have to burst out and refill his lungs with the very richest of the odour."

Happily the splendid climate of Matabeleland—the air is likened to "draughts of fresh spring water"—prevented the worst consequences, and, in fact, the troops were troubled with very little disease.

The rinderpest, besides making the movements of the troops extremely slow, effectually prevented reinforcements being sent to the tiny force of 5,000 men which successfully held, and reconquered, a country 750,000 miles in extent. More troops were at the Cape and might have been sent to the front, but the authorities at Bulawayo, even in their distress for want of men, soon had to protest against any more being sent, for the simple reason that it would have been impossible to feed them. There was no reserve of food in the country, its live stock had perished, and there was that fatal stretch of nearly six hundred miles of sandy road to Mafeking. Owing to this difficulty of transport, prices, specially at Salisbury, became almost prohibitive. Eggs touched 47s. a dozen; ducks were £3 a couple; flour was £7 10s. per 100 lbs.; fresh mutton was 4s. 6d. per lb.; even liquor became a luxury, and Colonel Baden-Powell pathetically relates that a whisky and soda cost three shillings.

At the time when our author reached the scene of action the worst of the massacres in Matabeleland were over, and those in Mashonaland had not yet taken place. Around Bulawayo some 200 settlers—men, women, and children—had been killed in cold blood; but it is probable that these murders at isolated homesteads were the means of averting a far wider calamity. If the Matabele had been less impatient to get to work, and Bulawayo had not been thoroughly aroused to the danger of the news of these attacks upon lonely farms, it is probable that the savages would have "rushed" the town, and that the English would have been exterminated. As it was, fugitives from the outlying districts reached Bulawayo, and in a very little while the place was ready to hold its own. In view

of what has been said about the ferocity with which the subsequent operations were carried out, it is of interest to have the opinion of an officer in the Imperial service. In one entry he says: "They expect no quarter, because, as they admit themselves, they have gone beyond their own etiquette of war, and have killed our women and children." This passage would lead us to suppose that no quarter was given, but prisoners were certainly taken frequently, and treated with the utmost humanity; and the terms of surrender ultimately arranged caused a great outcry on account of their clemency. Still it is probable that much of the fighting was to the death, and that resistance on either side ceased only with life. Our author says:

"I did not at the time fully realise the extraordinary bloodthirsty rage of some of our men when they got hand to hand with the Kafirs, but I not only understood it, but felt it to the full myself later on, when I, too, saw those English girls lying horribly mutilated, and the little white children with the life smashed and beaten out of them by laughing black fiends, who knew no mercy."

Another time, after speaking of the butchering of the little children of a certain missionary living in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, Colonel Baden-Powell says:

"It is a far cry from Mashonaland to England, and distance lessens the sharpness of the sympathy, but to the men on the spot—men with an especially strong, manly, and chivalrous spirit in them, as is the case in this land of pioneers—to them such cases as these appeal in a manner which cannot be realised in dear, drowsy, after-lunch Old England. A man here does not mind carrying his own life in his hand—he likes it, and takes an attack upon himself as a good bit of sport; but touch a woman or a child, and he is in a blind fury in a moment; and then he is gently advised to be mild and offer clemency to the poor benighted heathen, who is a brother after all. Yes! And though Woman is his first care, and can command his last drop of blood in her defence, Woman is the first to assail him on his return with venom-pointed pen, for his brutality."

With which parting reference to Mrs. Schreiner's book our author leaves his defence of the manhood of South Africa to the judgment of the reader.

While the picture here presented of the general features and conditions of the campaign are singularly graphic, the accounts of the successive forays into which it was broken are, perhaps necessarily, a little confused. In the later stages of the war, which alone are here recorded, the operations were mainly directed against the mountain strongholds into which the enemy had gradually been driven. There was little room in such fighting for strategy or tactics. Much depended upon efficient scouting, and our author himself played many an adventurous part in going out alone to spy the land and to determine the exact position of the hostile impis. A special feature of the struggle was its danger to those who led. To attack an enemy hidden in caves and sheltered behind stockades constantly meant a murderous fire aimed at the foremost man of the storming party. Thus, after the successful assault in the Matopos on the

Fourth of August, in which Major Kershaw lost his life, out of a total of twenty killed and wounded fifteen were officers or non-commissioned officers. The book abounds in picturesque incidents illustrating the chances of battle. On one occasion Colonel Baden-Powell saw a Kaffir in the open with a Martini-Henri drop on his knee and then take steady aim at him. The Colonel rode hard at his assailant, who fired at the distance of ten paces and missed;

"then he jumped up and turned to run, but he had not gone two paces when he cringed as if someone had slapped him on the back, then his head dropped and his heels flew up, and he fell smack upon his face, shot by one of our men behind me."

Occasionally, also, we get glimpses that throw curious sidelights upon certain phases of South African life. Thus in the little township of Massi Kessi, on the Portuguese frontier, we read that out of fifteen houses twelve are drinking bars. It should be added that while in the Portuguese territory no restrictions are placed upon the sale of liquor, in Rhodesia it is not allowed to be sold to coloured men.

Of Mr. Cecil Rhodes we learn comparatively little, as our author was on the sick list at the time of the famous negotiations in the Matopo Hills. The two travelled home, however, together from Beira, and Colonel Baden-Powell had abundant opportunities for judging of the significance of the receptions which were tendered to the ex-Premier wherever the steamer touched. Of the great demonstration at Port Elizabeth we read "the genuineness of the feeling towards Rhodes was unmistakable and impressive. It was not a gust of got-up welcome, but a spontaneous burst of enthusiasm, in a place that formerly was distinctly hostile to him." And upon the endurance of that feeling depends a long chapter in the future story of South Africa.

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The Silver Cross. By Helen Douglas. (George Bell & Sons.)

ANTHOLOGIES like most other things, have not escaped a certain scorn at the hands of modern men of letters. But that scorn betrays in its possessor a lack of sympathy, or a lack of understanding, or a lack of both. Not all people—no, and not many people—have "the holy poets" at their elbow, or time to turn to them. The anthologist comes with his samples; for some readers they must suffice, and others they will lead on to a larger commerce; in either case profitably enough. And of all anthologies of poetry a sonnet anthology seems the most legitimate, since each sonnet is a finished and separate entity. Mr. Quiller Couch, therefore, had one of the easiest, as well as one of the pleasantest,

tasks incident to the Diamond Library editorships when he took in hand this task of selection. Within the limits of about two hundred pages he has brought together the most familiar examples of the art that England borrowed from Italy, and then made her very own. Tobacco and the sonnet came companions to our shores, and whether Raleigh or Wyatt was the greater importer we need not inquire; both imports have come to stay, though under varying conditions. While tobacco, for instance, will grow in Ireland (the Saxon permitting) you shall seek in vain for a single great sonnet by an Irishman. In England, on the other hand, where no tobacco grows, the sonnet has taken root and become a native. Not exotic flowers, therefore, go to make up this anthology. It is all English of the English from Shakespeare, by way of Wordsworth, to Mrs. Browning. What the sonnet did and does for individual poets has been greatly recorded; "with this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart," "a glow-worm lamp it cheered mild Spenser," in Milton's hand "the Thing became a trumpet"—and you know what it was to Wordsworth by the capital T he put to "Thing." From the masters Mr. Couch quotes the masterpieces; and, if we add that we could have done with more from their anointed hands, and with fewer from the mere midnight-oil mechanists, we are but saying the obvious thing that occurs to readers of nearly all anthologies; for readers have never had to face the editorial difficulty of reconciling the claims of what may be called historical and biographical literature with those of literature nakedly regarded for its own sake. Men like William Mason and Thomas Warton were constitutionally unfitted to write sonnets; but the anthologist may very well say that he quotes them as makers of literary history—that they are interesting as failures even. From Leigh Hunt, from Felicia Hemans, from William Stanley Roscoe, we could consent to part and meet no more on this "scanty plot of ground"; even from Joseph Blanco White, "the one-sonnet man," seeing that the fine idea of his "Night and Death" is a twice-derived one, and that the workmanship of his re-expression of it is not in any way memorable. Who would not wish for a meeting with Charles Lamb anywhere? Still, it had better have been anywhere but here. The Chillon sonnet of Byron (the date of whose death is set down as 1859) is redeemed by its last line, in which "the noble poet" makes one of his few approaches to nobility of feeling and style. Preferences start to light in the reader's mind as he turns the pages—he has meetings with the superfluous, and he sighs for the absent. That is inevitable; and the foreknowledge of it is the difficulty of even the sonnet anthologist. But that very clash and stirring and exchange of appreciations makes us the anthologist's debtors; while from numbers of readers he will have the gratitude due to an introducer of hitherto hidden treasure. "Scanty" the sonnet's "plot of ground" may be; but it is on the very height of Parnassus, and has common property in all the mountain's spiced and heavenly airs.

The Book of Scottish Poetry is an attempt to do very popularly what other anthologies have done with more limitations for Scottish verse. It is by no means so coherent in purpose as Mr. Lang's collection of Scottish ballads; but, then, on the other hand, it is a book which can be left about. "These poems," says M. B. Synge, "are arranged very carefully for children from the best Scottish poets," and there is no doubt that the "great care" is clamoured for in the case of a minstrelsy that has license other than poetical as one of its notes. A line or two below this allusion to "the best Scottish poets" acknowledgment is made "for leave to republish several of the late Mr. Charles Mackay's poems." Not thus, indeed, do we spell "the best Scottish poets." Equally remarkable in another way is the inclusion, in that Scottish gallery, of Wordsworth, Whittier, and Mrs. Hemans. We see, too, that the compiler assigns unknown authorship to "Annie Laurie." That fecund verse-bearer, "Anonymous," has already too provokingly large a literary family to tolerate any gratuitous additions to the list.

THERE are now enough hymns that are poems too to make an anthology; but it is not in search of these that the editor of *The Silver Cross* has set out. She has brought together some two hundred hymns of the ordinary type, expressing with such advantage as is given by metre and rhyme, but with the unilluminated vocabulary of prose, and rather common prose at that, the truths which, strange to say, never stale, and are never destroyed, in the telling. The compiler's choice has in this case gone to "poems and hymns," to quote her own words, specially applicable to "the sick and suffering." Mrs. Browning, "half angel and half bird," and Miss Rossetti, the modern priestess who has celebrated in song the nuptials of immortal longing and of mortal pain, are the two poets supremely fit for such a collection; but they are here scantily quoted. When we do come on them, after the unlighted darkness of their neighbours' territory, we think of Mr. Stevenson emerging from arid shadow to sunny landscape in his journey "across the plains." "It was like meeting your wife"—oh, memorable line! Cardinal Newman is quoted by Helen Douglas, but not as we should insist on quoting him in such a collection, by those verses, for instance, written after the death of Hurrell Froude, in which occur lines with an impulse quite unusual with him—

"Dearest, he longs to speak and I to know;
And yet we both refrain."

The compiler has perhaps chosen some of her specimens in deference to the men who furnish them—their personal excellence, their ecclesiastical weight, and so forth. But poetry is no respecter of persons. Were it otherwise, we might expect much to follow from the punctilious acknowledgments of the preface to "their Graces the Archbishops of York and Armagh: The (the capital T is all her own) Right Revs. the Bishops of Exeter and Salisbury: Charles Lawrence Ford, Esq."—and all the rest. "The Right Rev. the Bishop of St. Andrews" contributes an Introduction to

the collection of Helen Douglas, who, by the way, does not allow us a titular precision we should prefer in our allusions to herself; for we are left in tantalising ignorance as to whether she is Mrs. or Miss.

"SOUS L'AIGLE."

Memoirs of Baron Lejeune. Translated by Mrs. Arthur Bell. With an Introduction by Major-General Maurice, C.B. (Longmans.)

As in life the shadow of the great Emperor fell across more than half of Europe, so after his death does his memory dominate our literature, drama, and art. Poet and painter, novelist and chronicler, alike fall under the spell of his powerful personality. Whether we look upon him as a hero, titan-
esque and irresistible, the scourge of God and the man of Destiny, or whether we regard him as the half-masked charlatan and the fool of Fortune, the fascination of the life story of the first Napoleon remains. *Nil erat, Nil erit*, as a savage anagram in the letters of his name quaintly maintains; but between the alpha and omega of his life lay years of struggle, of conquest, and of empire. Whether we judge him from the soldierly narrative of a Ségur or the blatant libels of a Barras, the man himself remains an enigma, sphinx-like, unriddled. With all the mass of histories, memoirs, and reminiscences already published that cast their flickering light on the figure of the great Emperor, it seems at first sight almost supererogatory to translate yet another volume of memoirs on the Napoleonic era. Yet the narrative of Lejeune has a distinctive quality which the records of no other chroniclers possess. Others have given us the portrait of Napoleon as a politician, as a strategist, as a social power; but Lejeune gives us his picture as an artist limned it. Brilliant and dashing soldier as Lejeune undoubtedly was, he was in the first place an artist, though, for all we know, he may never have drawn brush across canvas. The business of an artist, so Ruskin tells us, is "to see, to think, perhaps, sometimes when he has nothing better to do." Lejeune was usually too busy to think, but he never failed "to see," and he saw with the eye of an artist. Amid all the adventures and dangers of a soldier's career he never lost this wonderful gift. Whether sent to lead a brigade into the heart of a doubtful struggle, or despatched alone on some delicate diplomatic mission, his faculty for seeing never deserted him. While leading a charge the moonlight mirrored of a cuirassier's breast-plate might strike his eye, or the fantastic pose of the limbs of some fallen grenadier. These impressions remained indelible, and his Memoirs are, therefore, a panorama of vivid personal impression, drawn from life and developed with care.

Lejeune had rare opportunities for the exercise of his talents. Attached for the greater part of his active service to the staff of Prince Berthier, who was never far from the Emperor's side, Lejeune, though he afterwards acted as *aide-de-camp* to Marshals

Oudinot and Davout, bore his part in almost every great battle from Valmy to Leipzig. Napoleon often made use of him. His unerring eye discerned the talent of the young *aide-de-camp*. "Faites-moi voir" was the Emperor's behest; and the order sent his staff flying from Corunna to Moscow, from Naples to Stralsund. They had to see for the Emperor, to give him every detail of things as they were in Spain, Italy, Germany, or Russia as though he had seen it himself. Lejeune with his artistic instinct educated his military training into the proper groove and was invaluable. On many occasions he was bidden to serve as the Emperor's eye in almost every country of Europe. To keep him chief in touch with his vast empire he was bidden to watch the course of the awful siege of Saragossa; to view the gorgeous ceremonial of the proxy marriage at Vienna; to hoodwink the gallant nobles of Poland. An accomplished linguist and a brilliant courtier, quick-witted and scrupulous only in his obedience to the Emperor, Lejeune was eminently fitted for missions which required nerve and brain. Nor was he less useful on the field of battle, when, to execute the Emperor's orders, his *aides-de-camp* spent days in the saddle and held their lives in their hand. Chivalrous and daring, rejoicing with all the enthusiasm of his keen artistic temperament in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, gifted with a cool brain and a ready hand, Lejeune was the *beau idéal* of the gallant soldier who carried the Napoleonic eagles round the Western world. Not even Brigadier Gerard himself could tell more moving tales of hair-breadth escapes, and of perils on field and flood. Death or captivity often seemed the only issue. On one occasion he fell into the hands of the savage Spanish guerillas. The rope was already fitted round his neck, and only a chance alarm, at which the ruffians took fright, saved him from swinging as another of those ghastly French acorns on a Spanish oak. Escaping this fate, he was dragged half naked over hill and dale until he was delivered into the safe keeping of an English officer. Shipped to England as a prisoner of war, he soon won his way into the good graces of his guards, and eluded them. Hiding on the coast, he all but fell a victim to the knife of a ghoulish smuggler, who made a profession of cutting the throats of French prisoners whose escape he was bribed to assist. But in time, a few months after his first mishap, our friend the enemy turned up again at the Court of St. Cloud, not a whit the worse for his adventures, to libel us for the Emperor's edification. Sent, on another occasion, with a handful of cavalry to reconnoitre the enemy's position round Pesth, he was able to boast that he was the only French officer who, sword in hand, had seen the Hungarian capital. In almost all the great battles of the Napoleonic wars, when the Emperor commanded in person, Lejeune was in the thick of the struggle. He saw the sun rise over Austerlitz, and the merciful night close in over the shambles at the bridge over the Beresina. And these great scenes, described with the breath of perspective and the glowing colours of a true artist, have an

indiscribable charm. Others have narrated them with greater accuracy and more historical truth, but no picture is more impressive and more instinct with life and movement than these wonderful word-paintings by Lejeune. His view, indeed, is, often enough, distorted, historically, by the enthusiasm which inspired all who fell under the spell of Napoleon's personality. Until the disasters and horrors of the retreat from Moscow startled him into looking ugly facts in the face, the Emperor's star was always in the ascendant. Until he felt the prick of the Cossack lances goading the headlong flight of the Grand Army, Lejeune had never acknowledged defeat. He talks bravely enough at Corunna of sweeping the "miserable remnant of the English army into the sea"; but he forgets to mention how often Sir John Moore's little force had defeated the army of Marshal Soult. No one reading his magnificent account of the battle of Aspern—where, sent to order the retreat of Lannes' corps, he found the Marshal standing with a pitiful handful of officers and men amid the piled-up dead of his army—would realise that Archduke Charles had defeated the French army, and had been within an ace of annihilating it. There is something almost pathetic in the haste with which Lejeune slurs over his mention of the battle of the nations at Leipzig, although he dwells on every little successful skirmish which marked the retreat of his corps to Mainz. Unfortunately our chronicler was not present at Waterloo. It would have been interesting to hear how Napoleon had thrashed Wellington and wiped out Blücher.

It is not, however, for their history that we read these Memoirs: their value and their charm lie in the vivacity and force of their author's style. Of all the magnificent scenes he gives us, perhaps his description of the second siege of Saragossa is the finest. Patriotism and rage animated the besieged, devotion to their Emperor inspired the assailants. It was war to the knife; and it was fought out to the bitter end. Every house was a fortress and every room had to be taken at the cost of a murderous hand-to-hand struggle. There was "death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street." The Poles fought on the roofs of the churches; the engineers, mining and counter-mined, groped for their foes in the bowels of the earth. Lejeune's account of the storming of the nunneries and the convent of St. Francis, where men fought in the dim light, streaming in from the storied windows, round the high altar, and amid the coffins of the dead, or barricaded behind piles of priceless books, while the very gargoyles of the roof ran blood, is a passage which the reader will never be able to forget. For though a soldier and inured to war's alarms, Lejeune had the eye of Verestchagin for its horrors. Even in the hour of victory he, ever and again, stays to count the price of "glory." The memory of the sight of the narrow street at Ebersdorf, when the artillery dashed through the village over the bodies of their wounded comrades; of the writhing mass of humanity crowding the bridges of Lobau—the sole means of retreat from the victorious enemy

—which the rising waters of the Danube were slowly carrying away; of the ice on the lakes of Austerlitz breaking under the weight of the fugitives, haunts him as he describes these scenes. The hardships and terrors of the retreat from Moscow have been depicted often enough, but never do they strike the reader with the same vivid force as they do when reading the graphic and pitiful narrative of Lejeune's experiences. To him the saddest blow of all was the glimpse he caught of a sleigh galloping *entre d terre* out of Wilna. The Emperor had deserted the army; it was the beginning of the end. D'sheartened and worn out by the horrors of the retreat, the *aide-de-camp*, too, left his post and rode in hot haste for Paris. The stern rebuke with which the chief received him seemed to him undeserved. After all, he pleads, he had only followed the Emperor's example. He could not, apparently, see that important as the presence of its little Caporal was to the morale of the army, the situation in Paris demanded the presence of the Emperor. Napoleon had a divided duty; his subordinates had not. As the storm which within a few months was to crush the eagles, under which he had served so well and faithfully for many a long and eventful year, is gathering round the Emperor he idolised, we take leave of our hero. And we part company with regret. It remains only to be said that Mrs. Bell's excellent translation and General Maurice's judicious introduction are worthy of all praise.

HORACE IN ENGLISH.

Horace. A new Literal Prose Translation by A. Hamilton Bryce, LL.D. (G. Bell & Sons.)

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS have for some few years been addressing themselves to the task of substituting renderings by competent scholars for the translations which made the name of Bohn something of a reproach. Mr. Coleridge's *Apollonius Rhodius* set, we think, the fashion for the new series, and it would be difficult to find a more excellent prose rendering of Sophocles than that furnished by the same translator. We may say at once that the volume before us, a translation of *Horace* by Dr. Bryce, formerly headmaster of the Edinburgh Collegiate School, is a careful and scholarly work, which, though useful enough as a crib, and full of suggestion to the candidate for "Moderations," may be read with some satisfaction by the general reader whose Latin is decrepit enough to require a crutch. It may, however, be doubted whether a thoroughly satisfactory translation of *Horace* ever has been or ever will be made. Certainly the perfume of the Odes at least evaporates when they are decanted into English prose. We would not roundly assert that English prose can never express classical poetry, especially when we have so admirable an example as the *Odyssey* of Butcher and Lang ready to our hands. But then Messrs. Butcher and Lang were fortunate in having before them in the English Bible a ready-made prose style which could correspond in

large measure with the Greek epic. The translator who attempts to do *Horace* into English prose has no such model, and consequently the rendering even of so skilled a scholar as Dr. Bryce is simply the examination exercise of the first-class man at his best. Moreover, the Odes, turned into prose, stand self-convicted as the most commonplace stuff in the world of literature. As Prof. Conington points out in the preface to his verse translation, they

"strike a reader who comes back to them after reading other books as distinguished by a simplicity, monotony, and almost poverty of sentiment, and as depending for the charm of their external form, not so much on novel and ingenious images as on musical words aptly chosen and aptly combined."

Take, for example, half a dozen words almost at random:

"Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume
Labuntur anni!"

Words which generations have regarded as the supreme expression of regret for passing youth. We do not know that anyone could put them into better prose than Dr. Bryce has done: "Alas! alas! dear Postumus, the fleeting years are speeding quickly by." But what a disillusion is there! Nothing remains but that tritest of commonplaces, that time flies! And we find that the whole pathos of the passage lies in the repetition of "Postume." Still it would be unfair to Dr. Bryce to complain that he has failed to do what we hold to be impossible, and we hasten to add that his translation abounds in happy turns of expression and in well-chosen equivalents—as, for example, in the Ode just quoted: "winsome wife" for "placens uxor." Turning, too, to one well-known *crux* after another, we find that the translator has surmounted the difficulty with grace. In one case, however, Dr. Bryce has, in our opinion, followed evil counsel. The stanza is a famous one; it has given headaches to generations of schoolboys, and much pedantic ink has been shed in its cause by contending scholars—

"Immunis aram si tetigit manus
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
Mollivit aversos Penates
Farre pio et saliente mica."

Dr. Bryce translates thus: "If your hand without a gift has touched the altar, it has appeased the offended gods with pious offering of meal and crackling salt, and could not please them more by costly victim." With the latter portion of this sentence, which is Mr. Long's rendering, we have no quarrel. But to translate *immunis* "without a gift"—a meaning which has authority—makes sad nonsense of the passage; for the hand that gives meal and salt is certainly not "without a gift." Though *immunis* seems to be used nowhere else in the sense of "innocent" without a genitive of explanation, we think it is quite likely that Horace—who is economical of words—used it here in that sense. Translate "if the hand be pure which touches the altar," and the passage has an excellent meaning and moral.

We have left ourselves no space in which to point out the many excellences in Dr.

Bryce's rendering of the *Satires*, the *Epistles*, and the *Ars Poetica*. Here he has material which can, unlike the Odes, be turned into prose without losing all its charm, and he has acquitted himself well. The usual destination of "Bohn's Classical Series" is the desk of the schoolboy or the undergraduate, and to these Dr. Bryce's *Horace* may be commended as supplying a model to which their translations should approximate.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

The Flight of the King: being a Full, True, and Particular Account of the Miraculous Escape of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester.
By Allan Fea. (John Lane.)

FORTUNE has favoured Mr. Fea with an admirable subject and, within certain limitations, he has made good use of it. No writer in search of a romantic theme can ever hope to better the thrilling story of Charles II.'s wanderings in the forty days which elapsed between the "crowning mercy" of Worcester, on September 3, 1651, and his arrival at Fécamp, a fugitive all tattered and torn, almost destitute of money and sadly in need of a clean shirt. The tale is of the very essence of romance, and it is strange indeed that, amid the crowd of "historical novelists" of the new school, not one, so far as we know, has attempted to make anything of it. Harrison Ainsworth, it is true, in his elderly and more jejune days, worked these adventures into a tolerable if stilted tale; but the new school, who have bettered all their masters save Sir Walter, have not been attracted to this fascinating *Odyssey*. Perhaps Mr. Fea's handsome and lavishly illustrated volume may help to repair this curious neglect. This is the more desirable in that Mr. Fea, while lucid and interesting, is distinctly lacking in literary feeling. We have no quarrel with his style; but it is somewhat unduly "pedestrian," as Southey used to say, and he fails to throw any glamour over his subject. This is, to some extent, because the limitations of his scheme have robbed him of the space which he needed for the proper development of his narrative. Nearly one-half of his book is taken up by reprints of Restoration tracts, describing, necessarily with a good many inaccuracies and omissions, the perils of the King's escapes. He has consequently been compelled to compress a connected story of Charles's adventures, accounts of visits to the houses in which he was concealed, and much interesting matter regarding the persons and families who concealed him, into a space utterly inadequate to so extensive a plan. Add to this that there are some hundred and twenty illustrations, most of them very satisfactory, and it will be seen that Mr. Fea handicapped himself from the start.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, he has unquestionably produced an attractive and, indeed, a charming book, which forms an excellent supplement to and continuation of *The Boscobel Tracts*, which were compiled nearly seventy years ago by the father

of the author of *Tom Brown*. He appears to have gone over the whole of the ground traversed by the King, and to have visited all the roof-trees under which he was hidden by loyal people like the Penderels of Boscobel and the Whitgreaves of Moseley, none of whom seem to have hesitated a moment about accepting the terrific risks of the position. These places and incidents are described carefully and, in the main, correctly, although it is clear that here and there Mr. Fea has tripped through depending too closely upon printed statements of no authority. As an account of the present condition of the houses and families which contributed to Charles's safety the book is likely to be a useful volume of reference; and although the reprinted tracts to which we have referred occupy a great deal of room, we can hardly wish them away, since each one illustrates in very vivid fashion, and with a delicious archaism of language, successive stages of the journey which, beginning by rousing Richard Baxter from his bed at Kidderminster, ended safely with Charles's embarkation upon Capt. Tattersall's brig at Shoreham. Vast quantities of fugitive matter have been printed upon this subject, and Mr. Fea deserves thanks for having focussed them in his book, where they can be readily referred to.

Attractive, however, as the volume is to the general reader, we fear it will not commend itself so extensively to the genealogist. Mr. Fea is not strong in matters of pedigree, as he exemplifies in his treatment of Dame Joan Penderel of Boscobel. If there be one genealogical fact better ascertained than another, it is that this stout old lady was the mother of the five brothers who had more to do than anybody else with securing the King's safety. Yet Mr. Fea, in the teeth of all the evidence, and on the strength of an inaccurate and roughly compiled Restoration pamphlet, makes her the wife of her own son, William. The truth is, that her husband, as well as her son, was a William Penderel; and, indeed, Mr. Fea gives away his whole case when he points out that the portrait which he reproduces of "Jane Penderel" (an entirely mythical personage) is that of the mother of the brothers. Now, the artist painted upon that portrait the words "Dame Penderel, 1662," and it is therefore clear that she and the Dame Penderel, who was buried seven years later, are the same person—unless Mr. Fea is prepared to argue that Charles II. dignified two ladies, living at the same time and within half a mile of each other, with the title of "Dame." The confusion seems to have arisen from the similarity of the names Jane and Joan, added to there being a father and son with identical Christian names. Mr. Fea is mistaken in saying that Edmund Penderel, the son of the historic miller of Whiteladies, was the godson of Catherine of Braganza. It was Edmund's son Richard upon whom that mark of royal favour was conferred. In his account of the present representation of the line of Humphrey Penderel he confuses another son with his father, and there never was any such person as "the late Humphrey Penderel, Esq.," to whom he refers on p. 59. Errors

of this kind may not affect the enjoyment of the book by the general reader; but they sensibly diminish its value as a serious contribution to family history.

FOUR SHAKESPEARE BOOKS.

The Tempest. Edited by F. S. Boas. "Warwick Shakespeare." (Blackie.)

Cymbeline. Edited by A. J. Wyatt. "Warwick Shakespeare." (Blackie.)

King Richard II. Edited by C. H. Gibson. ("Arnold's School Shakespeare.")

The Noble Kinsmen. Edited by C. H. Herford, Ph.D. "Temple Dramatists." (Dent.)

THE "Warwick" Shakespeare is one of the most desirable of annotated editions for advanced students. It is also excellently adapted for the general reader who, though emancipated from the burden of examinations, still desires to be kept in touch with the latest results of scholarship upon the plays. Mr. Boas's "Tempest" is one of the most satisfactory numbers of the series. The editor has recently made his mark with a volume of larger scope upon Shakespeare, and here, as there, he shows considerable powers of delicate analysis and helpful criticism. His introduction to the "Tempest" is a very subtle and sympathetic piece of work, and admirably written to boot. The notes and similar apparatus are very accurate and sufficiently full. Mr. Boas keeps a judicious balance throughout between the respective claims of scholarship and of literary criticism proper. In most of his conclusions as to matter of fact he carries us with him. We think, however, that he speaks too favourably of Dr. Garnett's theory that the play was written for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine in 1613. The parallel between the supposed drowning of Ferdinand and the death, not by drowning, of Prince Henry is too far-fetched. "Cymbeline," in the same series, is also an elaborate and careful edition; but Mr. Wyatt has not the same unerring instinct in dealing with doubtful points as Mr. Boas. His conceptions of the nature of evidence make us open our eyes from time to time. It is true, for instance, that the plot of "Cymbeline" is partly taken from a novel in Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, and that a passage in the "Winter's Tale" is taken from the same source; but to infer from this that "Cymbeline" preceded the "Winter's Tale" by no long interval is, to say the least of it, hazardous. Mr. Wyatt's literary touch is rather heavy, and, although a set of questions may be a useful appendage to such an edition as this, they should be placed by themselves and not interspersed among the notes. They are particularly irritating to those who are not "getting-up" the play.

Mr. Gibson's "Richard II." aims at younger readers; but it also is excellent of its kind. The introductory matter is a good deal fuller than that of many other volumes of the series, and the historical section deserves especial praise. Mr. Gibson does not seem

to have quite appreciated the evidence by which Prof. Hales and others have shown that Shakespeare's play was probably the *exoleta tragædia* acted before the Essex insurrection in 1601; or the argument as to the date of the play to be drawn from the fact that the borrowings from it in Daniel's *Civil Wars* only appear in the second of two editions of that poem, both printed in 1595. The first note given is unfortunate enough to refer to a stage-direction which is not to be found in the text; and it cannot be correct to say that Shakespeare was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company in 1593, for that company only began to be in 1594.

Prof. Herford's excellent edition of "The Noble Kinsmen" is a welcome item in the interesting series of which it forms a part; and the more so because the play is not, like "Pericles," found in most of the ordinary Shakespeares. Yet the verdict of most competent readers would surely be to the effect that it is not only the better piece of the two, but also incomparably the more Shakespearean. On this vexed question of authorship Prof. Herford has something to say in his brief—all too brief—introduction. In our opinion he shows himself unduly sceptical. It is the design and motive of the play rather than the verbal style which make him hesitate to ascribe the non-Fletcher scenes to Shakespeare. But his scruples have not really much foundation. Shakespeare never, he says, "exploits the love relations of the gentle and the lowly born." "Exploits" is a question-begging word: but surely the love relations of the gentle and the comparatively or apparently lowly born form important motives both in "Hamlet" and in the "Winter's Tale." And this were a strained reason at best for rejecting the very plain evidence, not only of the style of many of the scenes, but also of the title-page of the quarto of 1634:

"The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moonlight corset thee. O, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st
being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? O, if thou
couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to."

Who, if not Shakespeare, wrote like this? "Massinger, perhaps," suggests Prof. Herford—"the classical allusions are in his vein." Massinger, quotha!

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

Fletcher of Saltoun. By G. W. T. Omond. "Famous Scots" Series. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN is one of those men who have had the fortune to be saved from the wreckage of time by an epigram. A good epigram, indeed, is your best of balsams

to preserve and mellow the perfume of a reputation. As Shirley has it—

"Only the sayings of the witty
Grow sweet and blossom in the city."

But in sober earnest one would rather be inclined to claim for Fletcher of Saltoun that a chance phrase thrown out in a pamphlet has obscured the memory of many notable and strenuous deeds on behalf of liberty and civic virtue. It is in the *Dialogue on the Right Regulation of Government* that he says:

"I knew a very wise man so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment that he believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

Fletcher's lifetime was passed in the making, or perhaps more strictly in resisting the making, of laws; yet one fears that the popular imagination, helped by the associations of the name, adumbrates him as an unknown poet who sometime and somewhere devoted himself to the making of ballads now forgotten. To dispel such ignorance, and to restore to his proper place in history a most original and stimulating personality, is the object of Mr. Omond's volume. Nor can it be considered superfluous, for no set biography of the ingenious writer and fervid patriot has appeared since the publication of the Earl of Buchan's *Essays on Fletcher of Saltoun and the Poet Thomson*, in 1792. It is curious, however, to observe that a Life of Fletcher was at one time planned, but never executed, by no less a writer than Rousseau.

Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun was a laird of Haddingtonshire. He received his early training in history and political philosophy from the future historian Burnet. After a period of travel he returned to Scotland a confirmed Whig, with Republican tendencies. He vigorously opposed the governments of Lauderdale and of the Duke of York in the Estates of 1678 and 1681, and found it expedient to live abroad. He was outlawed for participation in the Whig plot and alleged participation in the Rye House plot. Then he joined the ill-fated expedition of Monmouth, but left the force at Lyme Regis, owing to a quarrel with another leader, in which he pistolled his man. For some time he travelled in Spain, and fought the Turks in Hungary. The accession of William III. brought him back to Scotland. He plunged into politics, and played a prominent part in the first and last free Scottish Parliament of 1690 to 1707. The question with which that Parliament had to deal closely resembled the Irish question of Home Rule in our day. Fletcher led a party which was vehemently opposed alike to the English domination and to the Royal prerogative. The refusal of England to assist the Scottish settlers on the Isthmus of Darien exasperated the country, and gave strength to Fletcher's elbow. He fought with passion and genius—first, for Scotland's right to disregard the English nomination of a successor to Queen Anne; secondly, against the Union; and, thirdly, against the abolition of the separate Scottish parliament. Fortunately, or unfortunately, for his country he failed in every case. Holyrood was closed, and

Fletcher shook off the dust of an ungrateful land, and lived in England or abroad until his death in 1716. He was a man of fine parts, but unstable, and what would nowadays be called a political faddist.

"His schemes," says a shrewd observer, "had but very little credit, because he himself was often for changing them; though in other respects a very worthy man. It used to be said of him that it would be easy to hang him by his own schemes of government; for if they had taken place he would have been the first man that would have attempted an alteration."

And he laboured under a chronic inability to keep his temper. The brawl which deprived Monmouth of his two ablest lieutenants has been referred to. There is a lurid story of his drowning the skipper of a night-scoot for whiffing tobacco in his face. During the Union debates his hand was always on his sword, and the House had frequently to suspend its grave deliberations in order to swear Fletcher and some equally impetuous adversary to keep the peace. Oldmixon calls him "hot, positive, obstinate, opinionative," and Swift "a most arrogant, conceited pedant"; a more unbiassed criticism may well recognise an accomplished gentleman and a true, if visionary, patriot. In person he is described as "a little man, and had a brown periwig, of a lean face, pock-marked," and again as a "low, thin man of brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sour look." His reputation for oratory in "the most elegant Scots" was considerable, but of this posterity has not the materials to judge. As a writer, he stands out in a period during which Scottish letters had sunk to a low ebb. He was a master of the political pamphlet, simple, lucid, pointed. Eloquence and irony were at his command. His earlier *Discourses on Militias* and on *The Offices of Scotland* are full of enlightened, but Utopian, proposals, paradoxically conceived and ingeniously maintained. But it is in the imaginary dialogue on the *Right Regulation of Government* that his humour and his shrewd insight are at their best. As Mr. Omond very well points out, this admirable piece of writing, composed long before Addison appeared on the scene, has all the distinction, the polish, and the gaiety of a *Tatler* or a *Spectator*. Mr. Omond deserves to be congratulated on a book which throws light not only upon a most remarkable personality, but also upon the inner workings of politics during an interesting and critical period of Scottish history.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Confessions of St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. Edited by Alexander Smellie, M.A. "Books for the Heart" Series. (Andrew Melrose.)

WE rejoice to see this famous book in a convenient and accessible form, and in an English dress which loses little by comparison with the fifth-century Latin of the original. It is a human document from the value of which a millennium and a half is unable to detract; rather there are few ascetical works, ancient or modern, more

proper to correct the spirit of an age only half conscious of the progress it has made towards materialism. It is "a letter written to God," full of self-upbraiding, of humble tenderness, of a sweet unction. The Saint writhes in self-contempt, is overwhelmed with wonder, flashes with exultation, weeps with desire. He had pursued learning and attained to excellence in rhetoric, but it was vanity; he had mourned over the fabled sorrows of Dido, had rejoiced in the charm of the noblest literature, had studied Aristotle and Plato and had understood them unaided, but this also was vanity and vexation of spirit. "O Truth, Truth, thou knowest how the inmost marrow of my soul longeth after thee!" But "I had my back to the Light and my face to the things enlightened; whence my face itself was not enlightened." After a tempestuous, baffled search in the troubled seas of heresies and false philosophies, he won to the light itself. "I was tossed about by every wind," he writes, "but yet I was steered by Thee, though very secretly." With knowledge he put on strength for the great renouncement which they must make who aspire to the ecclesiastical state. One by one even the lawful joys of the senses are laid aside too. Yet to the end, while his heart pours out its treasures at the feet of the "Mighty Lover," the theme of self-accusal recurs and recurs again.

"Too late loved I Thee, O Thou Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! too late I loved Thee! And, behold, Thou wert within, and I abroad; and there I sought for Thee, deformed as I was, running after those beauties which Thou hadst made. Thou wast with me, but I was not with Thee. Things held me far from Thee which, unless they were in Thee, were not at all. Thou calledst and didst cry aloud, and didst pierce my deafness. Thou didst flash and shine forth, and didst dispel my blindness. Thou didst send forth Thy fragrance, and I drew in my breath and panted for Thee. I tasted, and still I hunger and thirst. Thou touchedst me and I burned for Thy peace."

It is by introspection, by heart-searching, that God is found; not in phials or in fossils: they all tell us this, and none with a sweeter voice of sure conviction than the Saint of Hippo.

* * *
Flowering Plants and Ferns. By J. C. Willis, M.A. (Cambridge University Press.)

THIS book consists of two distinct parts, each constituting a separate volume. The two parts are of very different merit. The second is the valuable portion of the work. It is an alphabetical guide to botany, giving in a brief and thoroughly practical way the chief facts about the plants of the whole world. All the natural orders are included, and to each British genus, as well as to all the most noteworthy foreign genera, a separate article is given. Not only the scientific features, but also the commercial and practical attributes of the plants are well treated. To do this in a book comfortably fitting into the pocket was not easy, and Mr. Willis has carried out his plan with skill and judgment. The book will be useful to many classes of persons who require the greatest quantity of in-

formation compressed into the smallest possible form. The traveller, for example, who has space in his luggage for only one book on botany will probably find no work so well suited to his purpose as Mr. Willis's vol. ii. The book is also intended to serve as a guide-book to Kew Gardens and to the other chief botanic gardens of Great Britain, thus fulfilling a useful object. But since, to a person knowing no botany, the concise descriptions in vol. ii. need explanation, an introductory volume was added. Here Mr. Willis is not so fortunate. In order to illustrate principles and to stimulate his reader by showing him how interesting the philosophical study of plants can be, he has been led to introduce a great deal of theoretical and, indeed, speculative matter. Throughout these earlier pages we feel that Mr. Willis's treatment is inadequate, and that he has as yet neither the precision of thought nor the width of experience which the task required. Mr. Willis has lately been very properly chosen to direct the Royal Botanic Gardens, Ceylon. When he has seen ten years' service in that important post he will probably be surprised to find how easily he answered most of the hard questions of biology in 1896.

The Order of the Coif. By Alexander Pulling. Cheap Edition. (William Clowes & Son.)

THE hope expressed by the publishers that this new and cheaper edition of Mr. Alexander Pulling's learned work may attract the general reader seems rather a bold one. Still, general readers, seeing the title of the book, will ask, What on earth is the Order of the Coif? and the curiosity of some will perhaps be satisfied only with Serjeant Pulling's exhaustive answer to the question. The coif, or head-covering of the Serjeant of the Law, is still traceable. Visitors to the Law Courts must have noticed that the wigs of some of the judges and a few leading members of the Bar are surmounted by a small disc of black silk edged with white. The man who thinks he knows things will point this disc out as "the coif." It is not the coif; but it is an interesting survival of the coif. The real coif was a close-fitting head covering, rather like a Knight Templar's cap, and was the distinctive and honourable badge of Serjeants of the Law from the moment of their "creation." The exact appearance of the coif may often be seen on the tombs of departed judges and serjeants, who are often represented kneeling in their robes and wearing this white, close-fitting covering. Later, it became customary to wear a small black cap over the coif. This is seen in portraits of Lord Coke. A black and white effect thus became associated with this head-dress; and when in the eighteenth century the fashion of wearing powdered wigs was adopted in the courts, the perquiers preserved the memory both of coif and cap by fixing a little black and white disc on the top of the wig. The wearers of the coif have formed a distinct and honourable Order from the earliest days of English history.

"The Brothers of the Coif," says Mr. Pulling—

"devoted to the profession of the law, bound by a solemn oath to give counsel and legal aid to the King's people—were for ages to be found at their ancient rendezvous in St. Paul's Cathedral, the *Parvis*, or their allotted pillars there, wearing their distinctive costume, the robe and the coif, ever ready to receive those who sought their assistance, to give counsel *pur son donant* to the rich, gratis to the poor suitor, and to aid when called on in the judicial business of the King's courts."

It is needless to say that Mr. Pulling quotes Chaucer's gracious description of a man of this type. Mr. Pulling traces the history of the Order, its privileges, badges, and costumes, down to the present day. The virtue and strength of the Order seem to have passed gradually into other institutions. But it is a mistake to suppose that the Order of the Coif is dead—it is only moribund. The Serjeants of the Law are no longer a society; and they do not increase in number. "As matters now stand," says Mr. Pulling, "there is small inducement to apply for the coif." Mr. Pulling would like to see the glories of the Order revived—not a likely event. But if Mr. Pulling's book fails as a plea for resuscitation, it is a worthy epitaph.

Gods and their Makers. By Laurence Housman. (John Lane.)

THE kernel of Mr. Housman's charming fable is contained in these stanzas from the poem which he prints by way of epilogue. The poet conceives of man, at the end of the world, arraigning God:

"Why hast Thou plagued us so long,
And bent us with bridle and bit?
We were the doers of wrong,
But Thou wast the shaper of it.
Our graves were dumb mouths set asunder,
Our dead were dumb mouths shut fast:
O, Thou, whose yoke we were under,
Give answer at last!"

"Laughed the usurper and said:
'Though ye were ignorant of me,
Gotten of the quick and the dead,
Doubtless my fathers were ye.
A blight from the night of your morrow
Through each new heaven and new earth,
I stand in the gates of your sorrow
At the door of your birth.'"

Peeti, the fascinating little savage who acts as the central figure of Mr. Housman's allegory, expresses the same thought more simply when he says of the very fractious and exorbitant deities which were furnished to him and his fellows by the Priest's College: "Our gods are but the evil that is in us." An allegory is always capable of bearing more than one construction, and mayhap we have not read Mr. Housman aright; but if we have, this book is a very whole-hearted attack upon every system of theology. Other readers may, however, find a different meaning, and certainly no one whose sympathies are at all alert can fail to be attracted by the story, so tenderly told, of Peeti and Aystah and their remote pagan community—remote, and yet, as the satirist sees us, so near! Mr. Housman follows the example of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Kipling in supplying his own chapter-headings. Some of them are so good as to lead us to hope he is projecting a volume of grotesque verse.

FICTION.

Under Love's Rule. By M. E. Braddon. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

WE do not grudge Miss Braddon her vogue, for we think that on the whole she deserves it. Her plots are of the most commonplace kind, but she works them out with much vigour and skill. The ordinary devourer of circulating-library fiction demands one thing alone—the quality of orderly narrative—and unless the more recondite literary virtues are seasoned with this, he is apt to reject the whole in disgust. But Miss Braddon has other claims on the affection of her readers. Her work is inspired with an amiable moral sentiment, and her tragedies are, in general, pleasantly rounded off with a happy ending. Above all, she writes of fine society with an assured air, and delights her admirers with feminine talk on the details of luxury. To the serious side of a great art—the adequate conception of character, the profound and moving tale of human feeling, even the minor accomplishment of an English style—she has never given much thought. But she knows her own business, and makes no claims to unmarketable virtues. In this book we have the story of the three small children of a fashionable mother, who, from extraordinary unpleasantness, are educated into decency by the ministrations of an aunt; so that when the inevitable crash comes, and the father shoots himself, they are able to take up the burden with the requisite patience. The boys are mere caricatures, the brusqueness and slang of the eldest being as crudely exaggerated as the solemn precocity of the second. But the details of smart life are satisfactory for those who like them, and the story moves with spirit to its close.

Captain Shannon. By Coulson Kernahan. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Of all forms of fiction none is so dependent for its success upon the seriousness of the author as is the detective story. If the reader for one instant suspects that the author is not in earnest, he may as well pitch the book into the fire forthwith for all the satisfaction it will give him. A detective story should be approached by its author with hardly less solemnity than marriage. It is Mr. Kernahan's ignorance or contempt of this fact that makes *Captain Shannon* a failure. He writes admirably; he has a swinging narrative style; his invention is fecund; his belief in himself is persistent; but none the less the book is futile. It is incorrigibly jaunty, and we are never permitted to lose sight of the fact that Mr. Kernahan likes writing it. In frequent discursions (discursions in a detective story!) he gives us opinions of his own on all kinds of irrelevant matters, and once he even goes so far as to stop the story to tell us that it has no woman in it! Art, especially the art of Gaboriau, is a mc-9 serious affair than this. Pruned of impertinent growths, the tale would be a fairly good one, for Captain Shannon is a dynamitard of unusual imagination and daring. As it is, it can convince no one.

The Happy Hypocrite. By Max Beerbohm.
(John Lane.)

THE material of Mr. Beerbohm's "Fairy tale for tired men," as he calls it, is better than the execution. He has hit upon a charming idea. He takes a *roué*, a man-about-town of the flexible Georgian period, Lord George Hell by name (who is "thirty-five, and a great grief to his parents"), and shows him through the influence of the girl he loves and marries led back to simplicity and virtue. This, the reader will say, is old enough. True; but Mr. Beerbohm does more. His Lordship, when first he asks little Jenny to be his wife, is told that she can marry no man that has not the face of a saint. Lord George Hell's features being quite the reverse, he seeks a mask-maker, and procures the mask of a saint in which to court his lady. In this mask he wins her, and sunned upon by her pure rays he grows hourly less and less remote from the character whom he is impersonating. And then, one day, when the mask is torn from him, his face is found to have become like unto it. A prettier idea one could not wish. According to his lights Mr. Beerbohm has worked it out well, but we are often doubtful as to the propriety of his treatment. He alternates extreme sophistication with extreme artlessness almost too pointedly, and he seems never quite to have made up his mind as to what kind of audience he is addressing. When the professional Laugher becomes Sentimentalist, we must be pardoned if we are mystified. Even so witty a writer as Mr. Beerbohm can be too bizarre: to make Jenny, the wife, only sixteen is monstrous. None the less we are grateful for *The Happy Hypocrite*, and hope that the rest of the Bodley Booklets, a series which it inaugurates, will be as amusing.

Scarlet and Steel. By E. Livingstone Prescott. (Hutchinson & Co.)

It is a far cry from the Tommy Atkins of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to the dejected Cuirassier of Mr. Livingstone Prescott. This is a story half of barrack life and half of prison life, and it is written with a purpose. Sholto Mauleverer, who has been brought up as a gentleman, is dispossessed of his inheritance by a hated cousin, and, in his extremity, enlists. He suffers many hardships, and the climax arrives when the cousin becomes his captain. Goaded beyond endurance, he assaults an officer and is sent to prison. There the treatment is continued by another old enemy, who is now a warder, and by whose machinations he is brought into disgrace, flogged, and subjected to other humiliations which are not usually mentioned in novels. Mr. Prescott's object in presenting what is, of course, an extreme case is no doubt the same as Charles Reade's was, and he makes the same mistake of going too far. A captain may be harsh, or a warder may be unsympathetic, or a prisoner may be susceptible; but that a soldier should be pursued from first to last by the malignity of his two bitterest personal enemies, in whose power fortune has placed him, is as nearly a mathematical impossibility as the holding of a

hand of trumps. Mr. Prescott assures us that he has been at pains to make sure of his facts; but in drawing up a system it is necessary to consider the nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in preference to the thousandth. There is no harm in writing novels about the odd case, but it is unsafe to argue from it.

A Dozen Ways of Love. By L. Dougall.
(A. & C. Black.)

THESE tales are unequal, as a collection of short stories is apt to be. Perhaps Miss Dougall's reputation would not have suffered if she had not insisted on making up the "dozen" for the purposes of a pretty title. The best of the stories is certainly the first, "Young Love," a pathetic little sketch of an old lady whose memory has gone, save for one unrecorded incident of her youth. If Miss Dougall had been able to maintain the high level of sentiment which she reaches in this effort, the book would merit unreserved praise. Reservation is perhaps least needed in the case of "Hath not a Jew Eyes?" a brief tragedy of a barber and his customer. Miss Dougall's liking for the mysterious has full play in a weird fantasy entitled "The Soul of a Man." Other items in the volume are slight: some trivial, some extravagant. The story of the woman who murdered her husband as a measure of domestic economy, and who maintained to her dying day that "I've sins on my soul, but the drowning of O'Brien, as far as I know right from wrong, isn't one of them," is curious as an exercise of the imagination. "A Freak of Cupid," which is the longest of the tales, leaves the impression that Miss Dougall understands pathos better than humour.

The Knight's Tale. By F. Emily Phillips.
(W. Blackwood & Sons.)

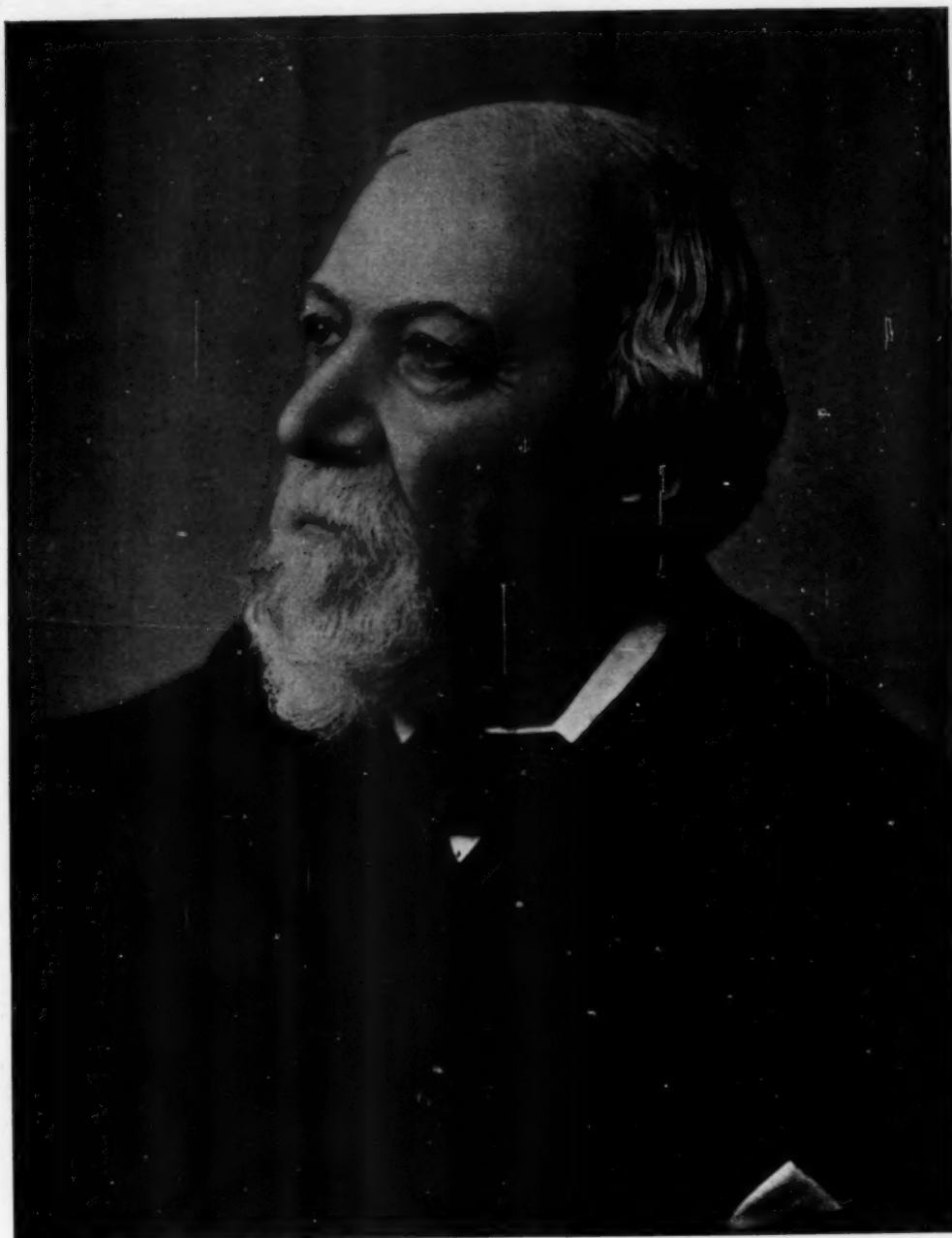
THE author of *The Knight's Tale* has either copied or chanced on some of the faults which we are willing to forgive Mr. George Meredith. She gives us a book in which much has to be guessed that most other ladies would have set down plainly; which takes much for granted that the easy-going reader may not be willing to grant. It is, nevertheless, a picturesque and vivacious story; and the somewhat vague and scrappy plot gathers itself together now and then into powerful situations. Paris behind barricades, as it displays itself to the betrothed of "Lindsay, the Communist," is the theme. But the book is far removed from the historical novel. It is mainly a study of feminine character in extremity. The heroine is introduced concisely. "Louis was conscious of the idea that she was proud. What he did say to himself was, 'Her name is Veronica.'" They became engaged in due course, and some years later they were married—in presence of the general, the bridegroom bound and under sentence of immediate execution. It is not necessary to tell the rest of the story. Nor would it be fair, for the terse and vivid style is a very essential quality of *The Knight's Tale*.

Did He Deserve It? By Mrs. J. H. Riddell.
(Downey & Co.)

DID he deserve it? Well, we should rather doubt it, for Mr. John Moucell in the story is an unlovely example of the unsuccessful journalist. The victim of an early and foolish marriage, he supports a family of nine in South Lambeth by miscellaneous Press work. Out of jealousy he writes a bitter review of a friend's book, which kills the friend and shakes for ever his own daughter's faith in her father. But in spite of such devious courses his affairs take a turn for the better, his daughter marries happily, his family do him credit, and he becomes partner in a publishing business, and husband of a rich widow. The book attracts by its quality of straightforward narrative and its superabundance of "shop." Mrs. Riddell gives us the "shop" of the literary trade; but it matters little whether the stuff be religious, fashionable, political, or journalistic, it will always have its admirers. Yet in spite of this the book is in parts almost good. The small "Apostle" with his marvellous language is farcical, but amusing; and such minor people as Mr. Clinton Jones and Mr. Blackshaw are drawn with a faint touch of epigram. The character of Mr. Moucell, too, is conceived with an attempt at subtlety and completeness somewhat rare in this class of fiction. The plot, to be sure, and most of the people have the wearily familiar flavour of ineptitude; but there is just this hint of better things to deserve chronicle.

Essentially Human. By Annie Thomas.
(F. V. White & Co.)

Essentially Human is none of your new-fangled problem novels. Its characters are from the pigeon-holes of a veteran caterer for the bookstalls, and their ungrammatical language has also made its appearance before. The plot is slight to thinness; it runs, not smoothly, to an uninteresting marriage. You meet the heroine, Helen Charmouth, at a presentation tea—fancy a modern heroine being presented!—and learn that she is the new society beauty. Her father, Sir Robert Charmouth, would marry her to the purchaser of his family estate in Norfolk; but Helen has fallen in love with a young, but successful, playwright. The playwright is also not modern enough to enjoy revealing the fact that he is the son of a well-to-do and retired tradesman in a neighbouring county town. Consequently, the revelation is deferred, and when it is made becomes a barrier. Helen is banished to the abode of an aunt, who does bead-work and harries her servants; although it need hardly be said that in the end love triumphs once more over prejudice. Comic relief is supplied by a painted and incredible widow of forty, who tries to cut out Miss Charmouth in her playwright's affections, and by a greedy and equally incredible *enfant terrible*. Of the other characters it is, perhaps, enough to say that there must have been a good deal of water in the ink with which they were drawn.



ROBERT BROWNING

From a Photograph by H. H. Hay Cameron



SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1897.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

MR. S. R. GARDINER'S historical writings are not, as a whole, made up in easily purchasable quantities, but this cannot be said of *Cromwell's Place in History*, which is a slim volume founded on six lectures delivered in the University of Oxford. An interesting circumstance is that Mr. Gardiner had delivered the lectures without notes and without thought of their publication. For their reproduction as a book he had to rely mainly on the notes of two students of Lady Margaret Hall, Miss L. Verney and Miss Gunter. The object of the lectures was, says Mr. Gardiner, "not to deal with the biography of Cromwell, but to estimate his relation to the political and ecclesiastical movements of his time—to show how he was influenced by them and influenced them in turn."

THE ENGLISH STAGE. We have now the promised translation in book form of M. Augustin Filon's articles on the Victorian drama which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The translation has been done by Mr. Frederic Whyte, and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones supplies a lengthy Introduction. Mr. Jones takes a less optimistic view of the present state of the English drama than his author, a circumstance explained, perhaps, by the fact that he surveys it at a later date. Thus M. Filon writes unhesitatingly:

"There is an English drama. The demand for it has been felt and the supply is forthcoming. Or, rather, it has come. It is a strenuous youngster, determined to keep alive,

bearing up pluckily, if with trouble, against all the maladies of childhood, against the dangers of evil influences—the brutal roughness of some, and the undue tenderness of others.

So it seemed to Mr. Jones himself a few years ago, but he now writes:

"After considerable advances . . . the movement became obscured and burlesqued, and finally the British public fell into what Macaulay calls one of its periodical panics of morality. In that panic the English drama disappeared for the time, and at the moment of writing it does not exist. There are many excellent entertainments at our different theatres, and most of them are deservedly successful. But in the very height of this theatrical season there is not a single London theatre that is giving a play which so much as pretends to picture our modern English life—I might almost say that pretends to picture human life at all."

TWELVE BAD WOMEN. THE *Twelve Bad Men* of Mr. Thomas Seccombe is followed by *Twelve Bad Women*, edited by Mr. Arthur Vincent, who thinks "it was fitting that the one book should be followed by the second." The

Lives in this volume, which are written by eight writers, are those of Alice Perrers, the favourite of Edward III.; Alice Arden, the sixteenth century murderess; Moll Cutpurse, "thief and receiver"; Frances Howard, Countess of Somerset; Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland; Jenny Diver, "pickpocket"; Teresia Constantia Phillips, adventuress and blackmailer; Elizabeth Brownrigg, "cruelty personified"; Elizabeth Canning, impostor; Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston; Mary Bateman, "the Yorkshire witch"; and Mary Anne Clarke, "courtesan."

OTHER BOOKS. IN *The Old Dramatists: Conjectural Readings*, Mr. K. Deighton supplies a

series of guesses at textual truth in passages taken from the plays of Marston, Beaumont and Fletcher, Peele, Marlowe, Dekker, and other Elizabethan dramatists, Shakespeare excepted. Most of these readings have already been printed for private circulation, and in giving them greater publicity Mr. Deighton expresses the hope that they will at least be "recognised as the outcome of patient industry, and of considerable familiarity with the language and thought of the old dramatists." . . . In *Praise of Music* is a music-lover's enchiridion and in method it avowedly follows the *Book-lover's Enchiridion* of Mr. Alexander Ireland. The book, which is charmingly printed and bound, is, we believe, the first collection of its particular kind. . . . *Lectures in the Lyceum* is an edition of Aristotle's *Ethics* for English readers. Mr. St. George Stock, the editor, explains that its aim is to appeal "beyond a merely academic audience to the wider circle of English and American readers who may care to know something of the philosophy of Aristotle." . . . Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons' series of *County Histories of Scotland* is continued in *A History of Moray and Nairn*. Mr. Charles Rampini, who has written this volume, explains that he has treated the Province, the Bishopric, the Earldom, &c., as separate subjects in order to secure "a more sharply

defined picture of their nature, progress, and influence than if he had employed the more ordinary narrative form." . . . The elegant series of shilling books on English Cathedrals which Messrs. Isbister & Co. are publishing makes rapid progress. Canterbury, Norwich, Salisbury, and Gloucester are now added. . . . *The Life and Times of Thomas Wakley* is an extended record of the lifework of the founder of the *Lancet*, written by his eldest son and grandson. It was a happy idea to print on the title-page a part of the conversation between Mr. Chichely and Mr. Sprague concerning Wakley in *Middlemarch*: "But Wakley is right, sometimes," the doctor added judicially; "I could mention one or two points in which Wakley is right." Two portraits of Thomas Wakley are given.

FICTION. *False Gods*, by Mrs. Albert S. Bradshaw, was originally entitled "A House of Cards,"

but, as has happened in many other cases, the author was apprised at the last moment that the title had been used; hence the present title. . . . This is the year for which Mr. William Le Queux foretold the invasion of England in his *The Great War in England in 1897*, published five years ago. A third of the year has gone, and so far nothing more fearsome has befallen us than a new warlike romance by Mr. Le Queux himself—warlike, Arabian, and passionate. . . . *Jinny Blake* is Miss Hannah Lynch's latest essay in fiction; its prevailing mood is to be inferred from the verse of Browning which the author places on her title-page:

"I must bury sorrow
Out of sight,
Must a little weep, love
(Foolish me),
And so fall asleep, love,
Loved by thee."

Browning also furnishes a fly-leaf quotation for *Paul's Stepmother*, and *One other Story*, by Lady Troubridge:

"On earth the broken arcs
In heaven the perfect round."

. . . *Ill-gotten Gold*, a novel by W. G. Tarbet, is "a story of a great wrong and a great revenge"; but the table of contents is not enlightening, being after this pattern: Chapter I., page 1; and so on for twenty-one chapters. . . . *As we Sow*, by Christopher Hare, is a "West Country Drama" beginning: "Do'ee look, Jem! Who be that a - goin' down leane? Caänt 'ee see un droo the hedge?" "Ay, sure 'nough, I beant no fool. 'Tis Varmer Yeatman on's grey mare." . . . *Ripple and Flood*, by James Prior, gives us Nottinghamshire dialect: "A can swim raicht across the Trent an' back. An' a can dive, an' a can float. If yer was drowndin' a could save yer to land like fun." . . . In *Craketrees*, by Watson Dyke, we achieve the breadth and harshness of the North Country: "Oh, ay; thar'd be a rare to-do if Rob was absent frae the Fair. Ye doesn't ken his power, lassie; but, then, thou's lived awa down in the flatter parts o' the world, in that place o' yourn at the Bell's; and it taks all t' knowledge and t' spirit out of a girl when she gangs to place down the dale."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

THEOLOGICAL.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Vol. II. John C. Nimmo. 5s.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES IN GREEK AND ENGLISH. With Notes by Rev. Frederic Rendall, M.A. Macmillan & Co.

HISTORY.

ROBERT THE WISE AND HIS HEIRS, 1272-1352. By St. Clair Baddeley. William Heinemann.

THE QUEEN'S REIGN FOR CHILDREN. By W. Clarke Hall. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.

CHOMWELL'S PLACE IN HISTORY. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL. By the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, D.D. Salisbury Cathedral. By the Very Rev. G. D. Boyle, M.A. Norwich Cathedral. By the Very Rev. Dean Lefroy. Canterbury Cathedral. By the Very Rev. W. H. Fremantle. Labister & Co.

THE COUNTY HISTORIES OF SCOTLAND: A HISTORY OF MORAY AND NAIRN. By Charles Rampini, LL.D. William Blackwood & Sons. 7s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIVES OF TWELVE BAD WOMEN. Edited by Arthur Vincent. T. Fisher Unwin. 16s.

THE STORY OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD. By Edith Walford. Sampson Low. 1s. 6d.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS WAKLEY. By S. Squire Spriggs. Longmans, Green & Co. 16s.

POETRY.

APHRODISIA: A LEGEND OF ARGOLIS, AND OTHER POEMS. By George Horton. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

SAUL, AND OTHER POEMS. Vol. II. By Paul John Mowbray & Co.

DRAMA AND BELLES LETTRES.

LETTERS, SENTENCES, AND MAXIMS. By Lord Chesterfield. With St. Beuve's Critical Essay. Sampson Low.

THE ENGLISH STAGE. By Augustin Filon. Translated by Frederic Whyte. With an Introduction by Henry A. Jones.

READINGS OF THE PURGATORIO OF DANTE. Chiefly based on the Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola. By the Hon. W. Warton Vernon, M.A. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Macmillan & Co. 2s.

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC: AN ANTHOLOGY. Prepared by Charles Sayle. Elliot Stock.

THE CONSOLATION OF BOETHIUS. Translated into English Prose and Verse by H. R. James, M.A. Elliot Stock.

THE OLD DRAMATISTS: CONJECTURAL READINGS. By K. Deighton. Archibald Constable & Co. 3s. 6d.

ETHICS.

LECTURES IN THE LYCEUM; OR, ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS FOR ENGLISH READERS. Edited by St. George Stock. Longmans, Green & Co.

FICTION.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. By J. H. Swingle. Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.

ONLY A FLINT. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. F. V. White & Co. 6s.

THE CHRONICLES OF MICHAEL DANEVITCH. By Dick Donovan. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

CASTLE MEADOW: A STORY OF NORWICH A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By Emma Marshall. Seeley & Co.

FALSE GODS. By Mrs. Albert S. Bradshaw. Henry & Co. 6s.

CHAKETTES. By Watson Dyke. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

ILL-GOTTEN GOLD. By W. G. Tarbot. Cassell & Co.

HIS EXCELLENCY. By Emile Zola. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

PAUL'S STEPMOTHER. By Lady Troubridge. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

OUR WILLS AND FATES. By Katherine Wild. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 6s.

RIFPLE AND FLOOD. By James Prior. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

A FULL CONFESSION. By F. C. Phillips. Archibald Constable. 1s.

THE EYE OF ISRAEL. By William Le Queux. F. V. White & Co. 6s.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF WÜRTENBURG. By Eller. William Andrews & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE FAULT OF ONE. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands. Kegan Paul. 6s.

AS WE SOW. By Christopher Hare. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE PLATTNER STORY, AND OTHERS. By H. G. Wells. Methuen & Co. 6s.

FATE AND A HEART. By Faber Vance. Ward & Downey. 1s. 6d.

JIMMY BLAKE. By Hannah Lynch. J. M. Dent & Co. 6s.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IN proposing the toast of "The Army, Navy, and the Reserve Forces," at the Royal Academy banquet, the President, Sir E. J. Poynter, indulged incidentally in a little piece of family log-rolling. In the course of his speech he remarked that Tommy Atkins had now found his chronicler and poet. This allusion to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who was present, and is, as everyone knows, Sir Edward Poynter's nephew by marriage, was received with cheers.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, who replied for Literature, began less felicitously than he ended. The beginning of his speech was a plea for "poor, houseless, unorganised, unincorporated, unrecognised literature, literature with no roof, no table of its own"—representing an attitude which an official Laureate is not the best person to take up, and being also somewhat inappropriate at an entertainment where literature has regularly occupied an honoured place for many years. Had Mr. Austin's remarks been made at the first Academy banquet at which the toast of Literature was proposed they would have been fitting enough.

CONTINUING, the Poet Laureate made some excellent remarks concerning the connexion of literature and art. After touching upon the sonnets of Michael Angelo, the speculations of Leonardo da Vinci, and the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he said: "Painters were the first to feel the magic of the poetry of Keats, the first to discover and proclaim the interpenetrating charm and finished felicity of Tennyson. And were any one to assert that, thanks to a certain keen but disinterested sympathy, artists are the soundest and surest judges of the higher literature of their time, I should not be tempted to contradict him. There is thus a tie, there subsists a bond of kinship, between literature and art, compared with which this, your annual communion with principalities and powers, however natural and pleasing, seems fortuitous and transitory. That is why I beg of you never to leave literature uninvited or undistinguished at your hospitable board."

MR. STEPHEN CRANE's first war letter to the *Westminster Gazette* was not particularly good, not noticeably better than much anonymous descriptive work, but included in it was a sketch of a British midshipmite which is very well worth remembering:

"Down in the launch, however, there was a middy who was a joy. He was smaller than a sparrow, but—my soul—how bright and Napoleonic and forcible he was! He was as busy as a hive of bees. He had no time for poses and genuflections and other amusements. Once, indeed, he looked up from his business to the deck of the ship, and this infant had a stern, quick glance, a man's eye. It was like hearing a canary bird swear, to watch this tot put a speaking-tube to his mouth. He was so small that a life-sized portrait of him could be painted on a sovereign, this warrior. She would be a fool of a mother who would trust him in a pantry where there were tarts, and his

big sister can box his ears for some years to come; but of course there is no more fiery-hearted scoundrel in the fleet of the Powers than this babe. . . . If another child of the *Camperdown* should steal this child's knife he might go to a corner and perhaps almost shed tears, but no hoary admiral can dream of the wild slaughter and Hades on the bosom of the sea that agitate this babe's breast. He is a damned villain. And yet may the God of Battle that sits above the smoke watch over this damned villain and all bright, bold, little damned villains like him!"

This is good work and good sentiment.

It is carrying the intimacy even of that form of journalism known as a Literary Letter too far when the personal appearance of a new author can be brought before the reader only by comparison with that of an older craftsman. The personal appearance of an author is, to begin with, of the highest unimportance, and, in the second place, to extol one man's face (and hair) at the expense of another's is not good manners. The London correspondent of the *New York Critic* usually shows so much taste, that it is surprising to find him despatching across three thousand miles of Atlantic the intelligence that a certain young novelist, whose second book has been well reviewed, is of "striking appearance—a sort of manly edition of Mr. —." The hiatus is ours. America can hardly desire to know this, and Mr. — is in no need of sneers.

THE annual meeting of the members of the Royal Institution of Great Britain was held on Saturday afternoon at the house of the Institution in Albemarle-street, Sir James Crichton-Browne, treasurer and vice-president, presiding. The annual report of the Committee of Visitors for the year 1896, testifying to the continued prosperity and efficient management of the Institution, was read and adopted. Fifty-eight new members were elected in 1896. Sixty-four lectures and nineteen evening discourses were delivered. The books and pamphlets presented in 1896 amounted to about 274 volumes, making, with 621 volumes (including periodicals bound) purchased by the managers, a total of 895 volumes added to the library in the year.

To Miss Clementina Black's recent novel, *An Agitator*, was prefixed a statement setting forth that no character in the book was drawn from life or intended to be a portrait. All authors who deal with modern life would do well to imitate such caution: a piece of counsel which an American novelist, Mrs. Edith Tupper Sessions, would readily endorse. Mrs. Sessions wrote a story called *The Artist's Christmas*, in which an artist figured who had painted a picture of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox. This picture was described by the authoress as "a mere daub," and the artist was said to have had a lean and hungry look. Soon after the story appeared a Col. Battersby arose, affirming that it was he whom Mrs. Sessions maliciously described, and claiming damages. The case was tried, Mrs. Sessions denied the charge, and Col. Battersby won 1,882 dollars 16 cents by way of redress.

By the death of Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks the older school of novelists loses a member who in her day won a large measure of popularity. Among her novels *The Manchester Man*—published first in 1876, and recently in an *édition de luxe*—*Woovers and Winners*, and *Bondslaves*—which appeared as lately as 1893—are perhaps the best known. The late John Bright was a strong admirer of Mrs. Banks's writings. She died at the age of seventy-six.

MR. JOHN LANE's readiness to turn the laugh on himself (and his authors) is very cheering. First he gives the book and then the parody of it, with charming impartiality. Mr. Grant Allen's *British Barbarians*, for example, was followed by Mr. Traill's travesty; the *Yellow Book* bards were merrily chaffed in *The Battle of the Bays*; and now, we learn, Mr. Le Gallienne's *Quest of the Golden Girl* is to be clinched by a *Quest of the Gilt-edged Girl*, also proceeding from the Bodley Head.

In the course of an agreeable essay on the Theory and Practice of Local Colour in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr. W. P. James mentions the extreme case of an ingenious novelist who deducted from his income-tax assessment the travelling expenses incurred in procuring the local colour for his new novel.

MR. JAMES's opinion is that local colour crammed for the occasion is worth very little. His conclusion is contained in these words: "Given genius and the poetic imagination the true school, and, so far as I can see, the only true school for that intimate and accurate local colour which the times demand is the instinctive observation of youth and adolescence, the unconscious or half unconscious absorption of impression during the early formative years. Compare, for example, the Scotch novels with *Ivanhoe* or *The Talisman*; compare George Eliot's English Midlands with the Florence of her *Romola*; compare Hawthorne's New England with the Rome of his *Transformation*; compare Mr. Kipling's India with his London."

THE near approach of the Jubilee is having its effect on the publishing season, authors and publishers being unwilling to launch books until the celebration and its distractions are over. The postponements that are being made will therefore extend to the autumn season, which, in consequence, is likely to be an exceptionally busy one. At the same time it must not be supposed that there is any noticeable falling off in the arrivals of new books. Our own table declares the contrary to be the case. On it, in the last few days, more than twenty new novels have accumulated, while the supply of other literature is in no way slackening, although the bulk is not of a very interesting character.

MR. JOHN MURRAY has been provoked by the *Pall Mall Gazette* into writing a statement concerning the inception and authorship of the Handbooks which bear his name, and this he has published in the form

of a tiny pamphlet, entitled *The Origin and History of Murray's Handbook for Travellers*. The writer in the *Pall Mall* gave to Mr. Baedeker the credit of inventing this class of work; hence Mr. Murray's unanswerable claim to have originated it himself. "Having," he says, "from my early youth been possessed by an ardent desire to travel, my very indulgent father acceded to my request, on condition that I should prepare myself by mastering the language of the country I was to travel in. Accordingly in 1829, having brushed up my German, I first set foot on the Continent at Rotterdam. At that time such a thing as a Guide-book for Germany, France, or Spain did not exist. The only Guides deserving the name were: Ebel, for Switzerland; Boyce, for Belgium; and Mrs. Starke for Italy."

A FEW notes supplied by a friend helped Mr. Murray through Holland, but in Hamburg he was lost for want of them: it was this that started him in his career as a Guide-book compiler. His father invented the term Handbook. The scheme being thus begun with Holland, Murray's handbooks have been appearing steadily until this day. Mr. Murray was the sole author of several, "but, as the series proceeded," he says, "I was fortunate enough to secure such able colleagues as Richard Ford for Spain, Sir Gardner Wilkinson for Egypt, Sir Francis Palgrave for North Italy, Dr. Porter for Palestine, Sir George Bowen for Greece, Sir Lambert Playfair for Algiers and the Mediterranean, Mr. George Dennis for Sicily, &c."

BAEDEKER's series of Guides began in 1839, and Mr. Murray winds up his statement with the clinching remark that "although Messrs. Baedeker have brought out some eighteen different guide-books, every one of them has been preceded and anticipated by a Murray's Handbook for that particular country."

THE statement we published last week to the effect that "the Queen had not caused a memoir of Prince Henry of Battenberg to be written for private circulation" was incorrect. Such a memoir has not only been written but printed, and Her Majesty has presented copies to certain favoured recipients.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME's new book, *Sketches in Lavender: Blue and Green*, a collection of short stories, will be published early this month by Messrs. Longmans.

A SPECIAL edition of the Oxford Press Diamond Jubilee Bible, to be known as the Queen's Commemoration Bible, will contain the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund Shilling Stamp. A corresponding edition of the Prayer-book—the Queen's Commemoration Prayer-book—is also promised, including the stamp, various illustrations, and the form of prayer and thanksgiving to be used on Accession Sunday. Mr. Henry Frowde and Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. will jointly issue the two volumes, the prices of which will cover the cost of the stamp.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXVI.—ROBERT BROWNING.

BROWNING is the most hotly disputed of all indisputable poets. Such a critic as Mr. Henley will not hear of his being a poet at all; neither would such a critic as Mr. Coventry Patmore. The reason of both was the same: Browning's extreme disregard of recognised poetic form and conventions. He would, even in the midst of his most poetical poems, introduce passages of unquestionable rhymed prose; he could never proceed for long without exhibiting flagrant roughness and unmetricalness in metre. Consequently, such critics said that he lacked the most primary requisite of a singer—he could not sing. In our opinion, there are two distinct things to be separated in metre—ruggedness and roughness. Metre may be rugged and yet musical. Metre, in fact, may aim at two different things—melody and harmony. In this it corresponds to music. There is the Italian school of music, characterised by melody; there is the German school of music, characterised by harmony. Melody must be smooth, harmony admits of ruggedness. The same is the case with poetry. Swinburne is a conspicuous melodist, and is always smooth. Milton is a conspicuous harmonist, and is often rugged in detail. Coleridge stands between the two, being a harmonist whose harmonies are always melodious. So, too, are Milton's on the whole, in spite of their ruggedness in detail. But Shakespeare, in his greatest blank verse, that of his latest period, is rugged in the very nature of his harmonies. They roll with the grandeur of mountain boulders, only to be understood by a large and masculine ear. It is not so with Browning. There are in him no harmonies moving on so colossal a scale, that the individual frictions play only the part of the frictions in a male, as compared with a female voice. It is not ruggedness; it is veritable roughness, like the roughness of a harsh male voice. We must allow, therefore, that he lacks something of the quality of a singer. Yet it sometimes happens that a singer with a rough voice commands attention in spite of its roughness. And so, we think, it is with Browning. Donne is another example. Criticism has come round to the recognition of Donne, in spite of the roughest utterance ever employed by a poet of like gifts. Upon this precedent we rest our recognition of Browning as a poet. He went out of his way to be rough, apparently for roughness' sake, and without any large scale of harmonies to justify it. But his intrinsic qualities, far more than in the case of Donne, make him a poet in the teeth of this defect of execution: such is our opinion. Fineness of manner has often carried off smallness of matter. And, though to a rarer extent, we think that fineness of matter may sometimes carry off defect of manner.

Of the fineness of matter in Browning we can see no doubt. It is true that it is not invariably strictly poetical: there are whole pieces, like the famous monologue of Bishop Blougram, which can no more be called poetry than a soliloquy of Iago

or Richard III. His was, in fact, a dramatic mind, though a dramatic mind of peculiar character. His special invention was the dramatic lyric. Even in his lyrics he was Robert Browning the "maker of plays," and he felt it and virtually said it. He has given us plays, and they are plays of a unique kind, coming under no previous precedent. His concern is not with action, but with the motives which lead to action, and the way in which those motives are unconsciously influenced by the varying play of circumstance. He is a verse-Meredith, indeed, so far as there can be affinity between two separate individualities. His plays turn virtually upon a single situation, which puts all the characters in a position of doubt. Their minds veer and shift under the intricate side-winds of circumstance; and at last they work out to a decision which is only half their own. With that solving of the situation the drama ends; and it is the exhibition of these intricate inward processes, conditioned by outward events and the interaction of the characters on each other, which constitutes the play. Naturally Browning has to adopt a new convention for an object so new and characteristically modern. He finds it in a daring extension of the principle of the soliloquy. The soliloquy is itself a convention, by which the characters are permitted to think aloud in solitude, after a fashion very rare in real life. But Browning's characters think aloud under all circumstances. A dialogue between two lovers, in a given difficult situation, is with him a matter in which both not only think, but feel aloud to each other, as never two lovers did or could. Yet their language is so skilfully managed, it is given so much of the form of colloquy, that we are deceived while we read into overlooking the intrinsic impossibility of the thing. Having once won from us that involuntary concession, he is able to do what he pleases, and to keep our interest on the stretch throughout a play in which nothing happens till the very last; in which we are throughout interested in the problem of what is going to happen. Needless to say such a drama is for the closet, not the stage. We can hardly conceive a Browning play being a stage success with any ordinary audience.

The dramatic lyrics, which seem to us Browning's finest contributions to poetry, are really such plays treated in brief, through the mouth of one of the people concerned. Always there is a similar problem involved, and always it is upon the working out of that problem that Browning fixes his interest. Consequently, in them, as in the dramas, pure poetry is left to come as an accident; it is not the object of the lyric. Yet there are few qualities of pure poetry which Browning is not capable of displaying as occasion arises. Music even comes, when the course of the feeling leads him into a train of pure beauty. Imagination is his at command. Take, for example, the passage in *Colombe's Birthday*, where he illustrates the thesis that lost confidence is never renewed in noble natures.

"Twist off the crab's claw, wait a smarting-while,

And something grows and grows and gets to be

A mimic of the lost joint, just so like
As keeps in mind, it never, never will
Replace its predecessor! Crabs do that:
But lop the lion's foot, and—"

It is perfect, and the work of a poet undeniable. Then, for an example of emotion fused with imagination, look at such a thing as the passage where a lover hears his Spanish mistress name to him the flowers in her garden:

"Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,
Stay as you are, and be loved for ever!"

His power of word-painting (abhorred but unreplaceable epithet!) partakes of his characteristic roughness, yet it is all his own and vivid:

"The rose-flesh mushroom, undivulged
Last evening—nay, in to-day's first dew
Yon sudden coral nipple bulged,
While a freaked, fawn-coloured, flaky crew
Of toad-stools peep indulged."

Then consider his occasional, but (when he exerts it) Elizabethan power of ardent fancy. This, for instance:

"Most like the centre-spike of gold
Which burns deep in the blue-bell's womb,
What time, with ardours manifold,
The bee goes singing to her groom,
Drunken and overbold."

The *Dramatic Lyrics*, and *Men and Women*, seem to our mind the most characteristically valuable of this virile poet's contributions to English literature. Though his whole occupation is with problems of the inner nature, and problems, moreover (as a previous critic has noted), less deep than devious, yet his sane and impartial voice, sometimes, in them, trembles with a pathos all the more effective because it is so sudden, restrained, and brief. For instance, that most deeply tender conclusion of *Two in the Campagna*:

"Only I discern
Infinite pathos, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."

He has a strange power, indeed, of distilling the moral of a coolly argued poem into a single poignant drop at the last. Sometimes, too, he accomplishes that imaginative feat of the greatest poets—the animating of external objects with human passion. So it is in *A Serenade at the Villa*:

"Earth turned in her sleep with pain,
Sultrily suspired for proof.

Oh, how dusk your villa was,
Windows fast and obdurate!
How the garden grudged me grass
Where I stood—the iron gate
Ground its teeth to let me pass!"

This is of the very breath of the elder poets. Then, too, the forbearing, regretful, most masculine tenderness which he can express towards women—the tenderness which can alone find utterance from supreme strength pitifully considerate of weakness, pardoning the wrong towards itself, through wise and sweet insight into the weakness and incapacity of the wronger:

"But for loving—why, you would not, sweet,
Though we prayed you,
Paid you, brayed you
In a mortar—for you could not, sweet!"

As to Browning's "message" much has been written, and many blasphemies. There are some who will have nothing of "messages" in poetry; who ask with Tennyson:

"Oh, to what uses shall we put
The wild-weed flower that simply blows,
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?"

Others answer that the dandelion makes excellent salad, and that the poets of the world have found morals shut within the bosom of the rose. It is a deep controversy, which is not for decision here; but, setting it aside, we are unable to find that Browning had, or thought himself to have, any message. There are incidental utterances of wisdom in him, as in all but the slenderest poets; but, for the most part, he was essentially a questioner, who speculated upon all things, and was content to answer: "Thus men do; what it all means, and what is the issue of the play, I shall find out when my part in it is played." It is very strange that modern criticism should have fathered sermons upon the man, next to Shakespeare, who was most disinterested in his outlook upon life, and most remote from preaching them. To summarise Browning would tax any critic. Some of his points we have indicated; many we have had necessarily to leave unconsidered. He was insufficiently an artist; but he was a strong, sane, cheerful, curious poetic onlooker upon life; great we unhesitatingly think, lacking few qualities of the greatest poets but the instinct to be orderly in his greatness.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

IN one of his delightful critical essays M. Jules Lemaitre greets Mme. Alphonse Daudet as the sole impressionist artist among women writers. From so delicate and charming a pen as hers something more agreeably original and personal than her extremely commonplace *Notes sur Londres* might have been expected. Prettily written, yes; but slighter than travelling impressions ought to be. True, it is a difficult task to write freely or justly of a people whose hospitality you have partaken of, and in this case those behind the scenes are perfectly aware that the Daudets were anything but satisfied with their visit to London, so that these notes are relatively insignificant as an imperfect statement; and between the lines we read Mme. Daudet's amiable desire to suppress all hint of discontent. There is a certain half-evaporated fragrance about the style suitably set in a pretty affectation of binding and dainty print, which completes the feminine attractiveness of the little volume, quaintly suggestive of boudoir rather than library. One never loses the impression that these elegantly trivial pages have been written by a superlatively well-dressed Parisian, and through the charmed smile one feels the suppressed irony, and wishes it had penetrated to the surface, and lent vigour or wit to this somewhat tame criticism of an alien nation. The touch is

too light, too fugitive. When we find Mr. Meredith introduced to French readers as an English Mallarmé it is time to protest, however charming the critic may be. Mr. Meredith's English may be difficult, but it is English; while Mallarmé's tongue is a Chinese of his own invention, which even he may be defied to translate into French.

One remark of Mme. Daudet's deserves quotation for its veracity:

"I do not see here what we call the blue-stocking woman using an art as a deliberate originality, making of it a means of effect or seduction or the satisfaction of vanity. These women [authors] have the air of action, of workers, and nearly all maintain their own interests in newspapers and reviews with remarkable good sense and practical view. I do not see amongst them those *protégées* of directors—those half-actresses, half-authors—who bring feminine letters into disrepute with us. All remain women, and very feminine, and, after an hour spent with them [writing of their club], as in a big class at recreation—yes, the same gaiety, the same cordial grace—I return to my hotel edified by the English-woman."

It is not often a French writer condescends to compose an austere and Puritan novel on the old-fashioned English lines; yet this is what M. René Bazin, a very pleasant contributor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has just done. His story, *Du Tout son Âme*, might have been written for the Young Person. It is a grave and touching tale, in which the art of dressmaking and the river Loire play important and profoundly studied parts. M. Bazin manages his scenery with consummate art, and is an obvious student of George Eliot. It is rare to find a provincial French town painted in fiction with such scrupulous fidelity as he paints the town of Nantes. The method is entirely English: a little prolonged, somewhat excessive in detail and dialogue, but sincere, honest, and noble work, with a high appreciation of humble virtue and an unwavering sympathy for the poor and weak. It is a realistic novel of the sober and elevated order, French homage to George Eliot, who, indeed, is even quoted in the dressmakers' room by one of the stitchers, and may be warmly recommended to English readers.

Of quite another order is the eternally adorable Gyp's new book, *Joies d'Amour*. Not that *Joies d'Amour* is a book to adore or even to give particular thanks for; but we read it, and remember past favours in the dull hours of life. Sad to whisper even, but Gyp, from excessive repetition, is beginning to lose her sparkle. Just as perverse and facile as ever, but less witty, less unconsciously immoral, less delightfully wicked. It is a Gyp growing old, but not perhaps noticeably wise: a Gyp who is getting tired of repeating herself and is consequently begins to yawn in our disappointed faces. All the same, a bright and pleasant, an audacious Gyp, who is ever welcome if not ever fresh and new.

It is fitting that France should contribute to modern literature an exhaustive study of the poetry of Heine, since his own land, in resentment of France's claim, refuses him immortality in stone or bronze. M. Jules Legros, of the University of Bordeaux, has

published a weighty volume on the life and work of the unfortunate poet. It is a sympathetic and a learned study—somewhat over-learned perhaps. Criticism of work so subtle and elusive, so penetrative and profound, of such exquisite fragrance and melody, would gain enormously by more spontaneity and less pedantry. The ordinary reader prefers to dwell on the wave and rhythm of Heine's verse, on its significance and beauty, and does not want to be forced to consider the number of *w's* that may be contained in a given number of lines. But pedantry is the mainstay of criticism. If the learned professor did not dwell upon these little matters that call for strong spectacles, how, in the name of science, could he convince the frivolous student of the unfathomableness of his knowledge? Still, this book of Prof. Legros is important, and one that a Frenchman should have written.

H. L.

NEW BOOKS.

Du Tout son Âme. René Bazin.
Joies d'Amour. Gyp.
Henri Heine. Jules Legros.

THE BOOK MARKET.

BOOKSELLING IN SUBURBIA.

LAST Saturday evening the Electric-avenue in Brixton was a pleasant sight. The sunshine poured down between the glazed roofs which cover the pavements; it reddened the red house walls that towered above the glass; and you were conscious of an ampler sky and a wider gaiety out there on the broad asphalt. The Avenue was packed with shoppers, the shops gleamed and beckoned, money had been earned and was now being spent; it was all very human and happy. A bookshop was half hidden by its own tressles and outside shelves, piled as these were with books and periodicals. Hundreds of cheap cloth-bound books lay prone before me or rose in front of me, gilt-lettered and decent to the eye, all priced 5d. I edged my way into the fingering crowd, and took up a book here and there. The gloved hands of the daughters of Brixton travelled with mine along the shelves as I selected volumes for a momentary inspection. People nudged and hustled, others kept filing into the shop, and somewhere in the heat and crush coins were clinking almost continuously as they fell from the hand. Taking up Fenimore Cooper's *Pathfinder* I mused, "Can Cooper sell?" and a woman almost took it out of my hand and used it as a pointer as she ran her eyes along the shelves. Then she passed into the shop clutching the *Pathfinder*. I picked up a novel—it was Dumas's *Louise de la Vallière*—and followed her. To the youth I said: "You seem to be doing rather well with these books; how many can you sell here in a week?"

"About four thousand, sir."

"No, no; in a week?"

"Yes, sir, four thousand."

"I will see the proprietor," I said, and I did.

"Is it true that you are selling four thousand 5d. novels a week in this shop?"

"That is about the figure. We shall sell eight or nine hundred to-day alone."

"How many different novels are you supplying at this price?"

"About two hundred and sixty, and fresh ones are, of course, being added to the series."

"Tell me, will you, where these novels come from, and how it is possible to sell them in cloth covers at 5d.?"

"Well, they are turned out by a publisher in the East End who has for a long time been supplying drapers with cheap books to sell at 9d. a volume. This 5d. line is a new thing. I was only offered it six weeks ago, and I have already sold, or ordered, about seventeen thousand copies. Of course, the books are printed from stereotypes bought up from publishers. As for the binding, it is certainly wonderful, and would be impossible but for a new machine, which is capable of binding 1,200 volumes in an hour. I may tell you that thirty thousand of these novels are turned out weekly."

"But, as a bookseller and a bookman, you will admit that the type and paper leave a great deal to be desired."

"That is so. Still they are not so bad, and the moral of the thing is that people want inexpensive books and, if supplied with them, will buy them in amazing quantities."

"Your customers prefer a 5d. cloth-bound book printed from stereotypes to a 4d. paper-covered book turned out in first-rate style?"

"Yes; you see a cloth-bound book looks better on shelf and table. They think it well worth the extra penny. Understand me; I am with you in deploring the small print and indifferent paper. But here the books are. They are all popular; and they go like water."

"You say they are all popular. But do you mean to say that Jane Austen is popular? I see you have three of her novels."

"She sells well."

"And is the *Book of Snobs* popular?"

"Well, we sell that because we sell Thackeray's other books."

"And what kind of books are *Boulah*, by Evans Wilson, and *The Mills of the Gods*, by Mrs. Twells, and *Barbara's Warning*, by Mrs. Houston, and *The Vale of Cedar*, by Grace Aguilar?"

"Oh, they are rather goody-goody; but they are excellent stories, and sell all day and every day."

"Along with *The Heart of Midlothian* and *Pelham*, and *Barry Lyndon* and *Wuthering Heights*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and Burns's and Byron's *Poems*, and Shakespeare's *Plays*?"

"Yes, they all sell."

"But Shakespeare at 5d. is execrable."

"Yes; but the 5d. edition sells better editions—Bliss's new two and eightpenny edition for instance."

"Do you sell many six-shilling novels?"

"Not many. But I can safely give a first order for fifty copies of every new story by Marie Corelli; and the books of Crockett, Barrie, Ian Maclaren, and Hall Caine go well as presents."

"As presents?"

"Yes, they seem to be always bought as presents."

"And your belief is that for their own reading people want cheaper books?"

"I am sure of it; and cheaper books would pay publishers and authors much better. The demand for cheap novels, of which the copyright has expired, is extraordinary; and why should not new books command a vastly larger public? I would like to see ordinary six-shilling novels by good authors published at two shillings, to sell net at eighteenpence. The sales would be enormous, and I believe most profitable to all concerned."

"I see that you do a large trade in weekly papers and the magazines. Can you give me any figures?"

"Well, we sell immense quantities of domestic papers. For instance, we sell 250 copies of *Home Chat* a week; 175 copies of *Our Home*; 125 copies each of *The Happy Home*, *Home Notes*, and *The Woman's Life*; and of Weldon's dressmaking papers we sell 1,200 copies a week. We often sell 300 of these on Saturday night."

"And the magazines?"

"The *Strand* tops the list; we get through fifty dozen of each number, and twenty dozen of the *Windsor*."

"And the novelettes?"

"The *Family Herald Supplement* is by far the most popular; we take two hundred copies weekly, and sell out."

"And the people who buy these papers are the people who buy these books?"

"That is so."

"Now, what about serious, 'improving' literature?"

"We don't keep it. The Free Library supplies that. People come in here with solid literature from the Library under their arms and buy the *Sketch* and *The Three Musketeers*. The Library, by the way, does not cut into us. I consider it does us good by maintaining the appetite for reading."

"And what is the secret of your own success?"

"I know what my customers want, and I provide them with that."

Emerging from the Avenue I stood watching that wonderful crowd. Buses and trams passed continually up and down the road, bicycle bells tinkled, colour and gilt lettering flashed in the sun, and the crowds of shoppers massed differently every moment. To the left, Brixton-hill began to climb through its own greenery to Streatham. I could fancy myself in a pleasant sea-side town, and thought that Acre-lane would be the way to the pier. Here and there a spire caught the golden light, and I knew that the caretakers were at work preparing for big congregations on the morrow. An immense suburban life revealed itself to me; and in the long ride back to Inner London I felt I knew more about life and less about literature than I had supposed.

ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LORD LEIGHTON was wont to say that he had no more power than a constitutional monarch; but he certainly had persuasion, influence, and purpose enough to cause the welcoming of young work with some young authority about it, and to bring some mitigation into the inevitable mismanagement of "the line." The same Academicians use their rights now as they used them then, the same obscure impulses prompt the Selecting Committee and the hangers. But when Lord Leighton lived the work of Mr. Furse was on the line, and it is now half way or more up the wall; Mr. Olsson's, Mr. Leslie Thomson's, and Miss Anna Nordgren's works were treated with respect; it is only this year and last year that we hear of the rejection of Mr. Tuke's. There has been, in short, no year within memory that has shown so much chance-medley injustice as we have to protest against in almost every room this year. And yet some confusion there must be; nor is the New Gallery (which has no membership) free of it. The Academy is an annual market, and our way, in London as in Paris, is to provoke the painting of many thousands of pictures year by year for such a market. We all know that a market is a medley. It would, moreover, be a waste of experience to expect a beautiful wall. Surely the last thing that a reasonable artist would wish to paint is a wall hung close with pictures. Yet to hear current complaints as to the ugliness of the views to be had at the Royal Academy you might suppose that the critics had never before this year recollected themselves within these many coloured rooms and rendered to themselves an account of their own impressions. Why should 1897 have to answer for all the years gone by? Those yet to come will not be without their own share of offences.

It is not so much the critical mind as the public mind and the popular that has some cause of disappointment this season. There is no picture of the year—nothing like "The Doctor," and "The Doctor" continues to be remembered with longing and regret—nothing to make an idol of. But the student of art and the lover of art should hardly complain of a year that has given them the two portraits of Mr. Sargent. They are, both of them, the work of a great master. In the "Mrs. Carl Meyer and her Children" the faces are painted with a somewhat less sudden simplicity than is usual with him, but no tampering with freshness, and no wavering of power follow the softer touches; for never was construction stronger, light purer, life keener, unity more absolute, or execution franker than in this astonishing work. There is not an inch of sameness in the whole surface of that pink dress, but neither is there an inch of detail; light plays on it everywhere with a literally indescribable variety, and especially there are hollows where the colour warms with reflection, but unity and simplicity reign and triumph. The child's portrait, "The Hon. Laura Lister," is

surely one of the most beautiful portraits of children ever painted. To the tender colours of the face Mr. Sargent has given every fresh charm, and the painting of the black frock and of the brilliant white cap and sleeves is masterly. At another summit of success stands Mr. Adrian Stokes's work in "Mountain Mist." The beauties of this picture are of so quiet a quality as to escape careless eyes, but they are altogether noble and distinguished. When has distant snow, softly shone upon by the sun, ever before been painted with such loveliness of surface and light? The tenderness and severity of the work, the distance, the radiance, place this among the finest of mountain pictures; the sky is all atmosphere. It is difficult, by the way, to place the little space of valley in the lower right corner; all else is simple, but this looks blank.

The admirers of Mr. Abbey's work last year have their faith at once stimulated and shocked by his "Hamlet." The colour is a splendour; of some of the figures it may be said that they stand; but if you took up Hamlet by his head, his legs would not stand but hang; he has no body; his eyes are not "riveted" on the King's face, for they impotently do not reach so high nor so far back. Mr. Abbey protests too much, and too intemperately against the tiresome convention of eyes dark with colour and bright with a sparkle by giving his faces white eyes and then effacing them. The loathly Ophelia has a cataract in each, but there is something not less than superb in the massing and the shining of the various white wherewith she is clad. It is a most uncourtly thing to place Hamlet with his back to the King and Queen.

Mr. Waterhouse has for two or three years—with his "St. Cecilia," his "Lady of Shalott," his "Pandora," and others—given the Academy its chief beauty. This year "Hylas and the Nymphs" is much spoilt by the sameness of the faces. This peculiarly modern lack of the variety of nature was observable also in the "St. Cecilia," and artists who are inclined to it should look at Filippino Lippi and the Flemings. A picture that marks the year (with Mr. Sargent's and Mr. Stokes's) is "The Mother," by Mr. Clausen, an interior lighted with a blue morning light in which the mother's candle goes out. Under the dim morning window is a child's bed. Not only for light and colour, but for action is this little picture admirable. Mr. H. S. Tuke is always distinguished; and his large canvas, "Beside Green Waters," has all his wonted beauties of design, tone, and colour. It is a most genuine "open-air," invested with day, brilliant in tone, though brilliance will hardly be attributed to it at the first glance; it is enough, however, to look away at the majority of paintings in the room to get a perception of the height of daylight in Mr. Tuke's; then the figures are beautifully drawn and poised; they have hold of the ground. In the rocky background, studied in flat and simple light, some intended effect seems to have escaped the painter. In Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Christmas Eve" it is very late daylight that shines against an early moon, misty with flying scud, and still half effaces

the lamps of a village street—the bluish last daylight of a soft west-wind winter day. Mr. Forbes has painted the profile of the street houses, the light side of a village house, the brass of the big instruments of the “waits,” a barrow of golden oranges, and the dimly dressed figures of the people, in all the truth of this daylight, and with a real beauty of values and of surface. Nothing more absolutely and artistically natural has been produced by this most able hand.

There are some interesting seas. Mr. Somerscales, in “The Last Fight of the *Revenge*,” seems somewhat to have exaggerated his own manner, his own colour, his own surface, and the massiness of his own waters (though Byron’s coined words were seldom fine, “massy” is good for waters heavy with depth). But his picture is full of talent. Mr. Herbert Draper, in “Calypso’s Isle,” is also massy; he admits no sky, and to his deep sea he gives at once illumination and a dark colour, and achieves much beauty. Mr. Olsson (badly hung and too near Mr. Draper) gives to all his water a too insistent blue, and the very foam is blue; his sea is opaque, yet there is magnificence of effect, and the little figures of syrens shine where they sit in the light of sunset—“singing as they shine,” as Addison would say. As Mr. Olsson has made his foam as blue as the wave, so he has made his flesh as red as his hair. Mr. Brangwyn’s “Venice” seems—one can say no more—to be worthy of a better place than the hangers have given it. One is just aware of most unusual colour, emphasis, and fire. In search of airy skies (a number of good landscapes must be kept for next week) one comes with pleasure upon Mr. Frank Dean’s, in “The Calm of a Summer Evening”; here are depths and distances of air, clouds that kindle softly and have sky beyond, and great unity and sweetness of atmosphere. Mr. La Thangue is at his best in “Travelling Harvesters,” in which the sunset light gives charm to what is all but too emphatic and rude in his admirable work. Elsewhere this year he is even dull, for all his enterprise. Mr. Arnesby Brown has a charming picture, “Herald of Night.” The drawing and movement of his cattle are as fine as is the beautiful painting of their surface; they move with the impulse and weight at once, that may be studied in their kind.

A. M.

DRAMA.

IT is a very salient quality of Dr. Ibsen’s plays that they never mean the same thing to two people. In “John Gabriel Borkman,” for example, Mr. Walkley has found another “King Lear,” a tragedy of deserted old age, while M. Emile Faguet thinks it a play of opposing egoisms simply, and the critics of certain papers see nothing in it but depression and gloom. For my share, it seems to me to be two tragedies in one, and two tragedies which do not harmonise dramatically with one another. Mrs. Borkman and her sister Ella and

Erhart her son are not exceptional people. The two women are normal enough, following a normal instinct of monopoly in their desire for the boy’s love, which each, on different grounds, thinks due to her alone; and the boy himself, so far as the play takes him, is an ordinary boy with an ordinary thirst for life. And then these ordinary people contrive between them a tragedy of common life—a tragedy simple, natural, inevitable, commonplace, and withal unspeakably profound. But then there is John Gabriel Borkman, not an ordinary man: an exceptional man with an exceptional history. It is true that in a sense he is a type of self-deceivers. But there is more in him than this. M. Faguet sees in him just a self-deceiver with a greed of wealth. With deference, I think he is a great deal more. He is a veritable Napoleon in his way, a man who is lust of power made flesh, and who will sacrifice for it all else under heaven. This concentrated passion of power has many examples in history, but as society is levelled up and levelled down you find the examples growing fewer. Napoleon was a monster, John Gabriel Borkman is a monster, not less portentous because he dealt in vulgar stocks and shares and not in armies. I am convinced that Dr. Ibsen did not intend a figure of comedy merely, in the sense that Tartuffe is one. He is accustomed to work out his issues on (materially) a small scale; I think he meant Borkman to be as dignified a figure of greatness missed as if he had made him the potential lord of an unrealised empire. Be that as it may, Borkman is not of common life; men of that concentrated ambition are not found everywhere, and of those that exist but few, happily, spend five years in prison. So Borkman’s tragedy of wasted gifts and purpose is exceptional, and being that I do not think it harmonises with the other tragedy of the play. To have made so much of this point may be a confession of weakness: I am conscious that I have little else to say. I may give my opinion for what it is worth, that “John Gabriel Borkman” is one of the greatest—of the most humanly interesting and most dramatic—of Dr. Ibsen’s plays, and my experience, that from beginning to end I was held by it; and that is all of the play as a whole, except that Mr. Archer’s translation of it is admirable.

But I may mention a minor point or so. The idea of Foldal, the humble and ruined retainer of the ruined great man, and of the friendship between him and Borkman, which rests on their pretending to believe in one another, is a vein of pure comedy. But to my mind it is almost spoiled by the bareness with which they recognise it, and especially by the recognition being put into the mouth of the fool Foldal. In another matter I champion Dr. Ibsen against the world. He has been accused of gratuitous and offensive “cynicism” in Mrs. Wilton’s explanation of taking the girl Frida with her and Erhart to the South. In the teeth of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who sees in this merely the remark which any experienced woman of the world would make, I maintain that Mrs. Wilton jests: she accepted ironically and exaggerated the

bad opinion Mrs. Borkman had of her morals.

The acting was extremely good. I have seen Miss Robins, indeed, in parts I thought more agreeable to her style, but in her great scene with Borkman she was excellent. Miss Genéviève Ward may have exaggerated a point here and there, but then she never slurred one. Mr. Vernon’s Borkman was almost perfect; he was dignified (as I contend he was right in being) even when Borkman’s vanity was absurd. Both he and Miss Ward impressed me throughout by their quiet possession of the stage and their clear and telling articulation. Since I saw Mrs. Tree in “A Woman of No Importance” I have always expected much of her in a part of comedy: she plays Mrs. Wilton, the human and possibly reprehensible lady, with a very skilful pointedness and a most delightful gaiety. Mr. Welch was the foolish Foldal to the life, and Miss Barton as Frida and Miss Caldwell as the Maid were natural and adequate. Mr. Martin Harvey had in Erhart the hardest part, in one respect, in the piece: its comedy of bathos was so pronounced. He was a trifle too robust and boisterous, but came out of the ordeal as very few young actors would have contrived.

THE opening night of Her Majesty’s Theatre was a great affair. The applause as this or that distinguished person came in gave one a pleasant feeling of being in popular company. The Poet-Laureate’s lines, if not exactly poetry, were well intended, and were spoken very gracefully by Mrs. Tree. Then came the National Anthem, and my loyalty was pointed and glorified by the fact that a critic near me kept his seat. But I confess that Mr. Parker’s play, “The Seats of the Mighty,” failed to sustain my emotions. I enjoyed reading the novel: it combined the interest of romance with the interest of extremely clever and successful characterisation. But because I admire Mr. Parker’s work in fiction, I must be all the more on my guard against unduly praising his play. It seemed to me that the romance was resolved into something like melodrama, and, except in the “curtains” of the second and third acts, not good melodrama, and that the character of Doltaire, which in the book was brilliantly, and withal naturally, complicated, was merely wobbly in the play. Alixe, again, a great success of maidenly courage and grit in the book, was much of a lay figure. Mr. Tree made the most of Doltaire: he is good at delivering a speech, and good at little turns of humour, but neither quality had a proper chance in Doltaire. Mrs. Tree’s part of Mme. Courjal, though a slighter, had really better opportunities, and she made the very most of them. Of the rest of the cast, which included such excellent players as Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Murray Carson, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Miss Kate Rorke, I can say only that they filled unexact parts very well; but I must single out Mr. Brookfield for his Louis XV., which was a rarity in stage kings in that it suggested a king. On the whole, I think Mr. Tree would have been

better advised in starting his new theatre either with a distinctively modern play or with Shakespeare, and I hope to see Mr. Parker to better advantage as a dramatist. The theatre itself is an excellent achievement, imposing and in very pleasant taste, and the curtain, imitating the Gobelin Dido tapestry, is (apart from associations one has with some others) the "best in London."

G. S. S.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday afternoon the programme of the orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall was devoted in large measure to the music of Grieg. Mr. Wood has, indeed, drawn up a series of programmes in which one composer is almost exclusively represented. The previous week, for instance, Brahms was selected; his recent death naturally explained, if it did not altogether justify, such a course. As a rule, it is undeniably better to aim at variety. Bach and Beethoven are exceptions; they do not produce monotony. And yet either of these masters, if he be listened to with becoming attention, may easily prove exhausting. Grieg in large quantities is, to my mind, eminently unsatisfactory. As with Chopin, so with him, daintiness of conception, delicacy of treatment, and dexterity in the art of colouring are the prevailing characteristics. There is much to please the fancy, to attract the ear, yet not enough to engage the intellect for any length of time. The interesting overture "In Autumn" was well given, and so, too, were the Norwegian Dances (Op. 35), cleverly transcribed for orchestra by Herr Hans Sitt. This, I presume, was done with the composer's sanction. Some passages sounded well; nevertheless, I much prefer these delicate, characteristic pieces in their original duet form. Miss Adela Verne gave a vigorous and intelligent rendering of Grieg's Piano-forte Concerto in A minor; but the music for its due effect demands a freer, more romantic reading.

The novelty of the afternoon was a Symphony, No. 1, in B minor (Op. 4), by Anton S. Arensky, named by Mr. E. F. Jacques in the programme-book, and justly too, as "one of the most gifted of the younger generation of Russian musicians." This work was not only written fourteen years ago, but at the time the composer was only twenty-one years of age. The music is of great promise; it is full of life, vigour, and colour. The thematic material may not be all of equal merit; some of it—as, for instance, the slow introduction and the second theme of the first, also of the second movement—has much charm and character; the rest, although never absolutely commonplace, is less attractive. The workmanship throughout is decidedly clever, and the orchestration effective, though at times noisy. Of the four movements I prefer—at any rate after a first hearing—the melodious Andante, and the quaint Scherzo in 5-4 time with its dainty little Trio. The work as a whole is somewhat

long, and it certainly was not well placed in the programme. This Arensky first Symphony is in B minor; Tchaikowsky's last was in the same key. Moreover, Arensky's first movement is entitled *Allegro patetico*; the other work is named *Pathetic Symphony*. These facts are curious; the earlier work must have been known to Tchaikowsky. The performance under Mr. Wood was excellent.

MR. FRED. LAMONT gave the first of two pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The audience was not a large one, and yet the pianist is really one of high rank. He has brains as well as fingers, and he not only understands, but feels the music he is interpreting. Some pianists magnetise, as it were, their audience: such was Liszt or Rubinstein, such is now Paderewski. Mr. Lamont is rather of the Bülow school, one in which feeling, if not killed, is kept under strict supervision. The effect which he produces is not, therefore, exciting or overpowering; his genuine playing, however, commands respect and deserves admiration. The first piece on the programme was Brahms' Sonata in F minor (Op. 5), performed with rare insight into the music, both as regards its formal and also its spiritual aspect. The Sonata was indeed welcome, not so much as a tribute to the composer (whose name is in no danger of being forgotten), as from the fact that it is not hackneyed—for that, fortunately, it is too difficult. Mr. Lamont might, by the way, have announced the fine one in C (Op. 1) for his second recital, in place of the "Waldstein," which has almost been worn to pieces by pianists both great and small, good and bad. The other item of importance was Schumann's "Carneval." I spoke lately about a traditional reading of this composer's music—one which should be kept up as long as possible. Mr. Lamont's reading—excepting, occasionally, in hurrying of the tempo—was thoroughly sound, and for the most part effective. *Eusebius* and *Reconnaissance* were a trifle cold, and *Promenade* not quite as romantic as one could have desired, but the rest deserves high praise. Chopin was not very forcibly represented. The *Nocturne* in C sharp minor (Op. 27, No. 1), is fine enough, but the *Valse* in G flat is a commonplace trifle quite unworthy of the composer. Schubert's characteristic four-handed March in B minor was served up *à la Liszt*. It was brilliantly played, yet—Well, I am tired of writing, and reading what others have written, against transcriptions. Protesting seems in vain. Some day, perhaps, when the public is better educated, they will express disapproval of such adulterated music. I particularly regret to find Mr. Lamont playing such a piece. If great pianists will not set a good example, what can one expect from the rest?

MR. AUGUSTUS HYLLESTED, a Danish composer and pianist, gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening. The programme was a severe one, for it included two Pianoforte Concertos and a Symphonic Poem, the last named, for orchestra, ending with double chorus, being

a work written by the concert giver. The first concerto was Beethoven's in E flat. Mr. Hyllested has fair technique, but his reading of the work lacked breadth and nobility. He has a delicate touch, which for such music as that of Chopin or Grieg would no doubt prove of advantage. The slow movement was the most satisfactory, though even here the playing was too tricky. How the second concerto—Liszt in E flat—was interpreted, I cannot say. After the Symphonic Poem I felt that I had heard more than enough. To attempt anything like an analysis of this work would be impossible. The Scherzo and part of the slow movement, though commonplace, were fairly intelligible. The long opening movement, *Quasi Fantasia*, was sound for the most part without sense—some passages indeed seemed as if the notes had been flung on to paper regardless of the effect they would produce. The Finale was long, loud, and tedious, while in the closing chorus—one choir singing the 150th Psalm, the other the Lord's Prayer—one could not hear the music for the noise. This Symphonic Poem was greater than Beethoven's Choral Symphony in one, and only in one, respect—that of length! The composer conducted his work. The applause at the close must surely have been an expression of thankfulness that the end had at length arrived.

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

THE American journal *Science* prints a posthumous note by the late Prof. E. D. Cope, containing a summary of some arguments advanced by him at a meeting of the Society of Naturalists. It forms an interesting appendix to the discussion on "acquired characteristics," and deserves partial quotation as coming from a man whose views, if not generally accepted, are invariably treated with the greatest respect, and whose knowledge of palæontology was second to none, either on this or the other side of the Atlantic.

PROF. COPE referred to the "history of the moulding of the articulations of the vertebrate, and especially of the mammalian skeleton, of which such complete series have been furnished by palæontology. The forms of the articulations he believed to be the result of their movements, for the reason that they could be formed artificially, as the result of experiments, or in consequence of luxations. He believed that the resulting forms have been inherited, because they are found in embryo before the animal has had a chance of developing the structure for itself by interaction with the environment." Prof. Cope being a strong Lamarckian, has a natural *penchant* for the influence of environment.

In attempting to explain the foregoing phenomena, Prof. Cope points out first that the adherents of preformation have never offered any explanation of it. From the point of view of epigenesis, the phenomena of memory furnish a plausible parallel.

Stimuli from within and from without the organism leave a record on the brain-cells "which give the form to consciousness, when the latter invades them, along the guiding lines of association." Why, he asks, should not the germ-plasma be capable of a similar record of stimuli which is expressed in the recapitulatory growth of the embryo? He thought that the evidence pointed to such a process. Those who studied the long discussion between Prof. Weismann and Mr. Herbert Spencer will recollect that the question of inheritance or non-inheritance of mutilations came up more than once, and the late Mr. Romanes made a series of (not very successful) experiments with a view to determine this point. Prof. Cope also deals with it briefly. He says:

"The certainty of the record (on the germ-plasm) would depend on the frequency and strength of the impression, as is known to be the case with the memory of the mental organism. Hence mutilations or single impressions are rarely recorded, while those due to the constant and habitual movements are recorded; and form the physical basis of growth and of evolution of type."

WHAT a beautiful change has come over the spirit of scientific and theological controversy. The Duke of Argyll, in combating Mr. Spencer's theory of evolution in the *Nineteenth Century*, discusses with entire respect, even while misunderstanding, the views of his redoubtable antagonist. And Mr. Spencer, in replying briefly to certain points on which his attitude had been misrepresented, acknowledges gracefully the courtesy with which he had been treated. Things were very different in the early days of evolution, when bishops went upon the warpath and blasted their opponents (Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin) with all the damnation and anathema of which they were capable. Now the same bishops preach evolution as a part of Genesis, and the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Spencer exchange politeness in print. The millennium must be nearer than some people imagine.

LAST week, owing to considerations of space, an appeal which I had framed on behalf of the University of Cambridge was unavoidably crowded out. It is, I think, a reflection upon the age of gold that the Universities should be compelled to beg for funds to carry on the work they have been doing for so many centuries. I say the Universities, because although Cambridge only has so far revealed the bareness of its cupboard, Oxford is known to be in pretty nearly the same predicament. It is impossible, unfortunately, to recapitulate all the arguments by which I sought to induce the tardy benefactor to step forward and emulate the splendid munificence of his ancestors. The Duke of Devonshire's appeal will, I hope, have the desired effect without my well-meant assistance; and certainly no one has a better right to appeal than the generous Chancellor who has so nobly endowed and fitted up the Cavendish laboratories, one of the leading features of modern Cambridge. Surely there are

millionaires about with a sufficient appreciation for the value of pure culture to save the Universities from abandoning any of their high ideals on that most vulgar of all accounts, the want of money.

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CENONE."

London.

In the essay on Tennyson's poetry which appeared in a recent issue, with its keen appreciation of the poet's earlier efforts, the above poem is deservedly noticed for "its glorious descriptive opening." What adds to the value of that opening is the fact that it is strictly in accordance with what Homer says of the locality—

"To Ida's spring-abounding hill he came,
And to the crest of Gargarus, wild nurse
Of mountain beasts."

(Earl of Derby: *Iliad*, bk. viii. 51-53.)

The English poet's landscape is simply an amplification of the Homeric lines. That Tennyson had this passage in his mind is further evidenced by the first line in Cenone's soliloquy:

"Oh, mother Ida, many fountain'd Ida."

In that soliloquy Cenone is made to say:

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps."

A curious mistake this, for it is precisely during those hours when the sun burns fiercest, and the parched hills are being deserted by man and beast, that the sturdy little trumpeter breaks out into his most shrill tunes. He revels in that atmosphere of fire, and the noise he makes is positively deafening. No noonday siesta for the Ionic cicala, as I know from experience.

THOMAS DELTA.

THE ORIGINS OF CIVILISATION.

Haslemere.

Permit me, in answer to the half-dozen questions put to me by your reviewer of *Greek Folk Poesy*, to say that, having been for the last seventeen years working out in personal exploration and research my theory of the origins of civilisation, I do happen to be "aware" of the opinions he quotes, and also of what is alone important for my theory, namely, the results of the most recent researches of professed and authoritative ethnologists, Egyptologists and Assyriologists, no one of which titles can be claimed for any of the writers he quotes. Permit me also to say that these volumes, dedicated as they are to Mr. Gladstone, do not contain "attacks on Christianity," and that such an assertion, calculated as it is to excite mere unreasoning prejudice, is a somewhat ignoble way of endeavouring to strengthen a weak case. Finally, permit me to remind your readers that while in these two volumes some tens of pages only are given to scientific discussion, they contain hundreds of pages of such translations of Greek folk pœsy, both in verse and prose, as reveal the very heart of the people now struggling for life and for liberty.

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Archbishop Benson's
"Cyprian,"
(Macmillan.)

THAT which is, perhaps, the most interesting notice of the late Primate's book appeared in the columns of the *Chronicle*, from the pen of "an extremely learned Roman theologian." "In scholarship," writes this critic, "as one might anticipate, it leaves little to be desired. It is the work of a painstaking if somewhat peremptory, and, almost we had said, pedantic student. . . . Its acquaintance with that tumultuous and fateful third Christian century is such as becomes the disciple and imitator of Bishop Lightfoot. . . . Its style is much too quaint, obscure, and abrupt ever to make it popular. . . . From the whole there seems to rise up before us the figure of a strong and resolute character, who is delighted to observe in the great Carthaginian bishop and martyr a combination of learning with practical wisdom, of freedom with refinement, of piety and good sense with unflinching resistance to what he deemed unwarrantable usurpations, such as this brave Englishman would fain emulate in his modern person. . . . To [Dr. Benson] . . . Carthage was a sort of ante-Nicene Canterbury. . . . But . . . this far from ungenial volume might, as regards the scientific handling of its topics, have been dated in the seventeenth century. It is . . . simply a *Rettung* or 'Rectification' of Cyprian from the moderate Anglican point of view." The *Saturday* describes the book as "an exhaustive monograph on the martyr, carried to such an extremity of perseverance that it seems unlikely that a single fact or a single aspect has been omitted." The style "reminds us of that of the best English divines who wrote before the Restoration"; "effective," says the *Spectator*, "though somewhat laborious in its ornament"; Thucydides and Meredith are named by the *Chronicle* critic. The book "is full of recondite learning," says the *Pall Mall*, "and is written in a concise and engaging style." "Dr. Benson," pronounces the *Westminster*, "knew everything that could be known about Cyprian; it is not probable that all his conclusions will be accepted—some of them have to do with great controversies that are not likely ever to be settled—but the thoroughness of his knowledge and . . . his intelligence, and the integrity of his judgment will be conceded on all hands." In the matter of style, the Archbishop was "too careful not to be obvious," which "sometimes tends to obscurity." The *Athenæum*, which devotes two pages to the book, acknowledges that in the earlier portion the author is "singularly straightforward in preventing the ideas of the present from affecting his exposition of the past," but laments that, when he comes to those questions in which he feels a deep personal interest, "he . . . is no longer the scholar or historian . . . but the polemical prelate. . . ." The scholarship is pronounced "quite first-rate"; the style is described as "rugged and picturesque . . . always impressive and intense."

"The Spoils of Poynton." By Henry James. (Heinemann.)

"MR. HENRY JAMES," says the *Chronicle*, has written nothing more characteristic of his exquisite talent than this book, which is an appreciable contribution to the very small stock of genuine literature represented by modern English fiction. Having described "the elements of the comedy which Mr. Henry James has woven with a perfect mastery of his delicate art," the critic adds: "Fleda ought to be welcomed by women who complain that masculine novelists never believe that woman can appreciate the point of honour." The *Westminster Review* is "strongly of opinion that *The Spoils of Poynton* is the best novel that Mr. Henry James has given us for several years. To say that the writing is subtle, exquisite, and abounding in delicate shades of meaning is only to say what is true of nearly all his writings. . . . But in *The Spoils of Poynton* we have an excellent idea running through the book, and holding it together with a single motive . . . of that fruitful kind which lends itself to the development of a variety of characters, and acts as a sort of touchstone of their real dispositions. The conclusion may seem to some people a little perverse and tangled, for Mr. Henry James would not be himself if he did not achieve some deep involutions of motive which evaded the ordinary reader. His skill in that respect is positive virtuosity, and when he is at it we seem to be watching some amazing display of figure-skating. The *Standard* suggests that if the author has been encouraged by the safeguard against the commonplace afforded by the furniture theme "to throw himself more fully into his situations, we can have no objection: for that is just what he has done. In this respect a change is visible in the writer's workmanship, which we cannot but think a change for the better. In his last novel . . . he gave us a situation which with a less refined writer would have been melodramatic, but which in his hands was treated with exquisite skill. And here again we have genuine love scenes, not only hinted at, but given boldly and unflinchingly." "That there is a fund of rich humour in the situation is undeniable," writes the *Manchester Guardian*. ". . . At times, however, he is inclined to take it too seriously, and then it is that a sense of unreality creeps in. But the old felicity of phrase and epithet, the quick, subtle flashes of insight, the fastidious liking for the best in character and art, which have given Mr. James his peculiar place in modern literature, are as marked as ever, and can give one an intellectual pleasure for which one cannot be too grateful."

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